

**BIG
SHOT**

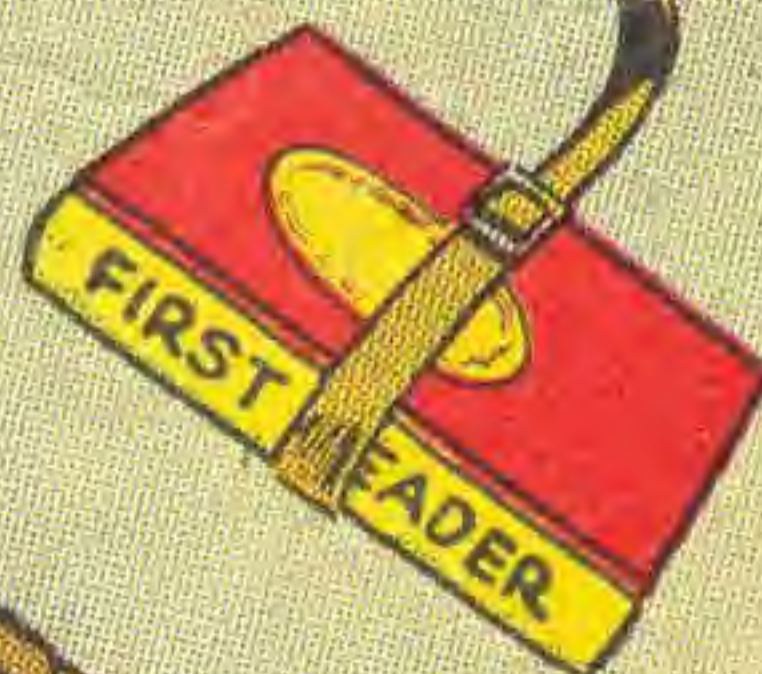
OCT. No. 39

10c



WHERE AM I GOING?
BACK TO SCHOOL!
DIXIE DUGAN IS
THE NEW TEACHER!

UNCLE
SLAP HAPPY!
DON'T FORGET
YOUR HAT!



JOE PALOOKA, THE SKYMAN, DIXIE DUGAN,
THE FACE, SPARKY WATTS *and other favorites!*



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VINCENT SULLIVAN, Editor

Sparky Watts

by Boody Rogers

SPARKY IS TAKING ENTRANCE EXAMS FOR THE ARMY AIR CORPS.



YOU'VE PASSED THE MENTAL EXAMS FOR THE AIR CORPS, MR. WATTS--NOW DR. FOX WILL GIVE YOU YOUR PHYSICAL!

REMOVE YOUR CLOTHES!

SAY "AH"----
...MM-M--THAT'S THE FIRST TONGUE I EVER SAW THAT HAD TASTE BUDS WITH MUSCLES!

YES, DOC, I'M ALL MUSCLE--I'VE BEEN MADE SUPERSTRONG WITH A CHARGE OF COSMIC RAYS!

NO, NO--JUST PLACE THE CARD OVER ONE EYE AT A TIME !!

I CAN READ WITH IT OVER BOTH--I HAVE X-RAY EYES----
---E---
B-G-O--

E BGOFT

IF YOU CAN READ THIS YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH FOR YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW YOU'VE GOT IT!

I WARN YOU, DOC--DON'T GET TOO NEAR MY HEART--IT BEATS SO POWERFULLY IT MIGHT KNOCK YOU COLD!

YES, I CAN HEAR IT FROM HERE---SOUNDS LIKE IT'S PLAYING DEEP IN TH' HEART OF TEXAS---CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!--WOT A MAN!!

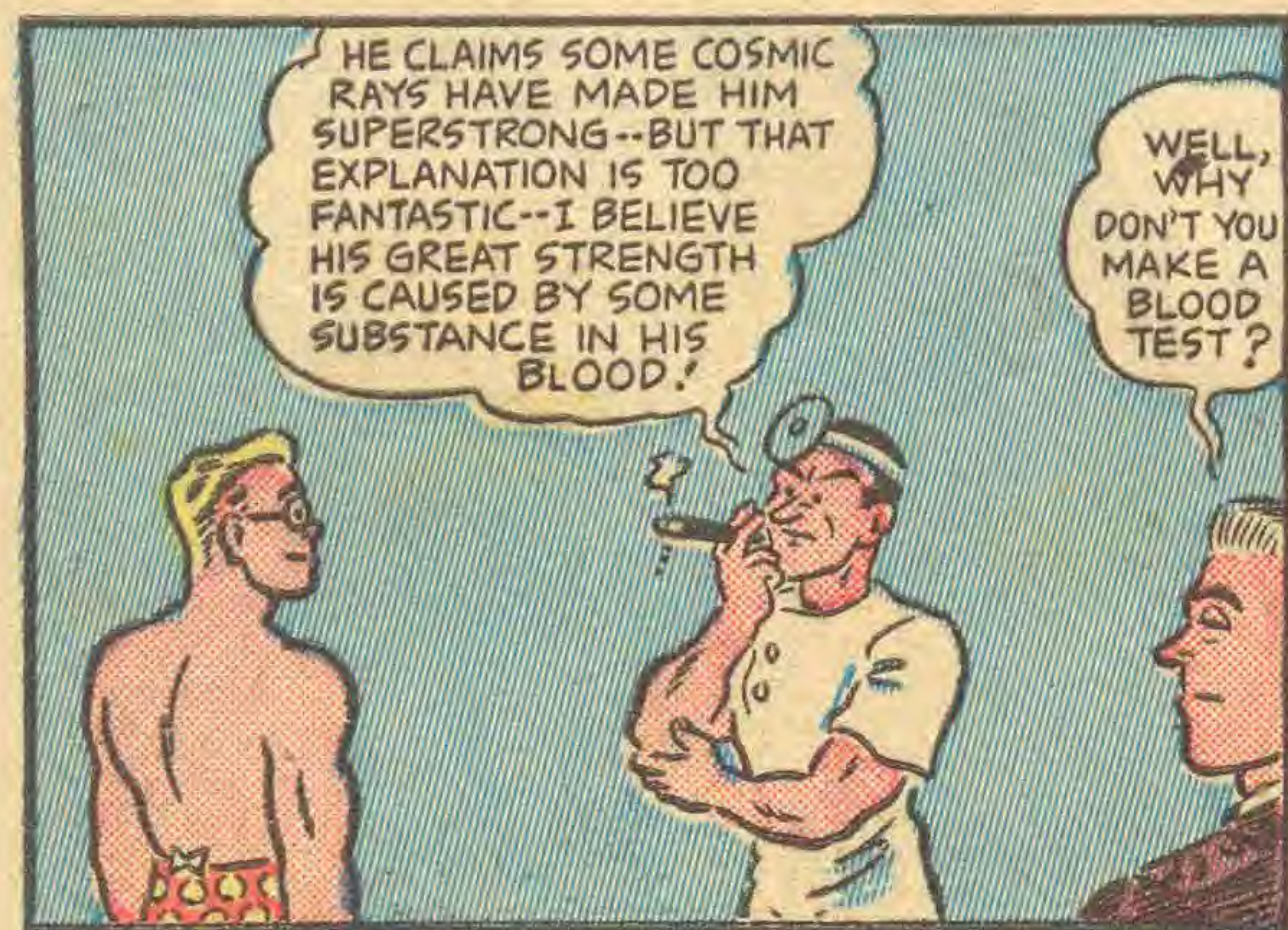
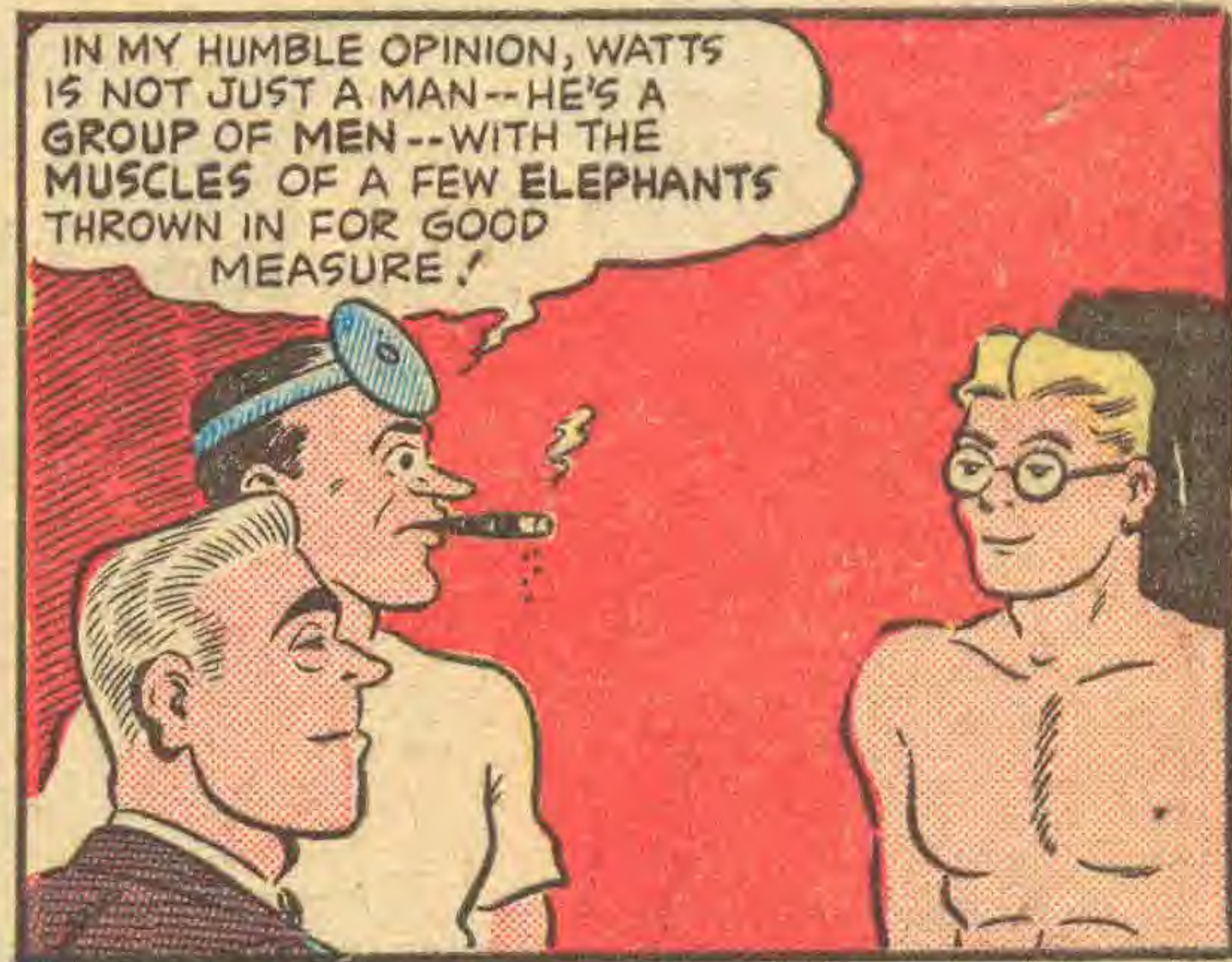
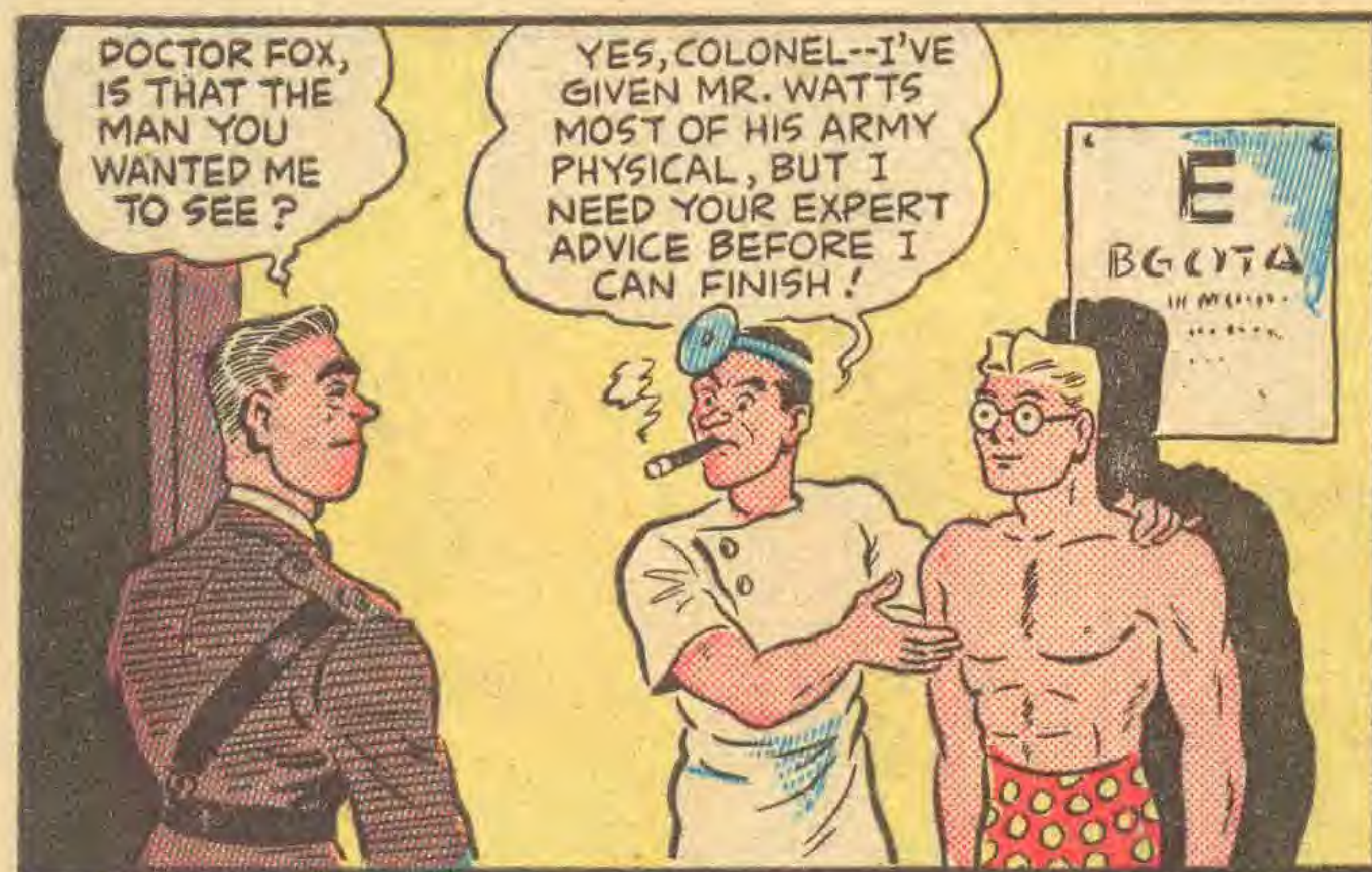
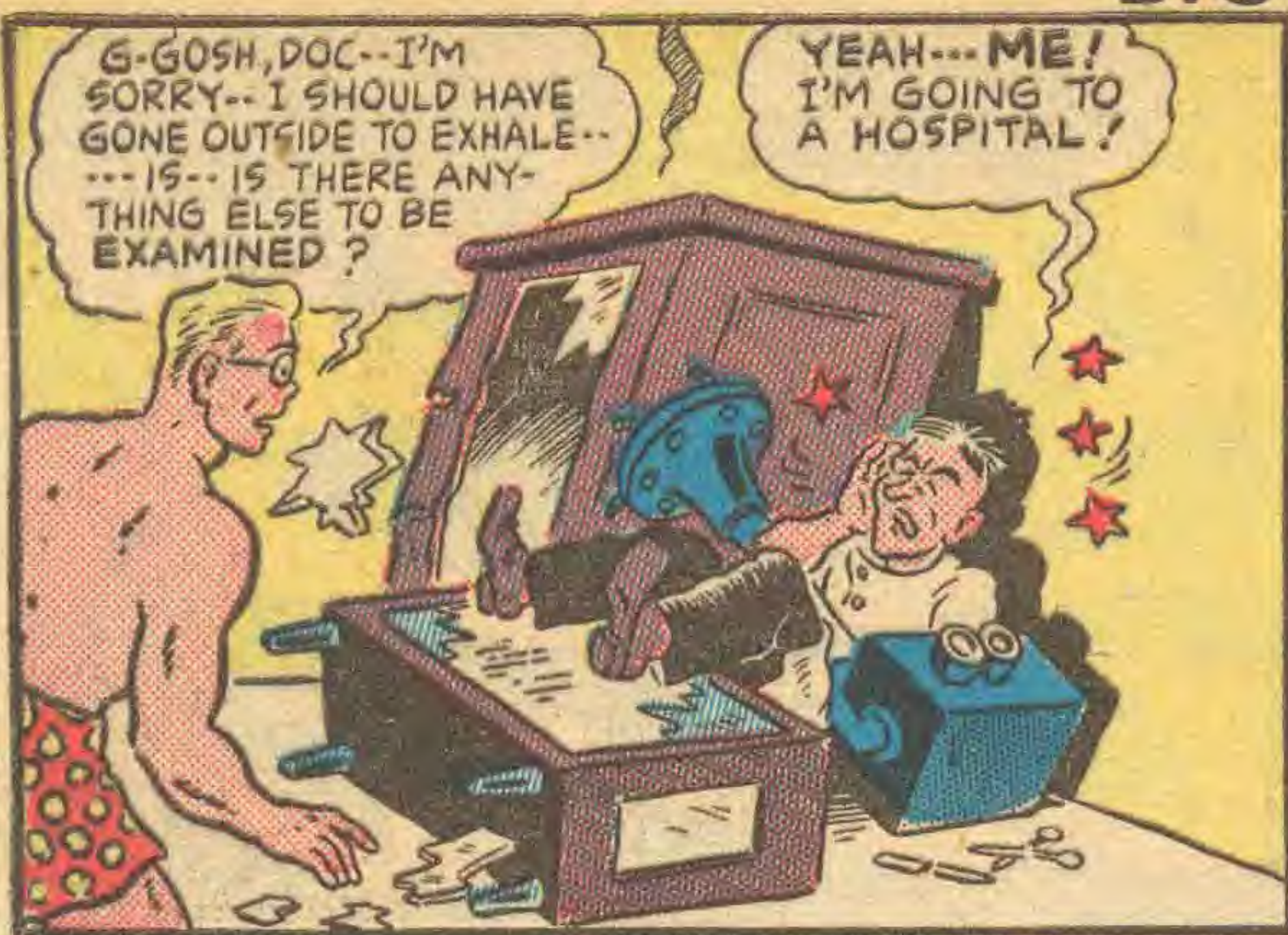
NOW I'LL CHECK YOUR LUNGS--ROLL YOUR SHOULDERS FORWARD--TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND PRESS AGAINST THIS X-RAY BOX!

JUMPIN' JIVE! NO WONDER YOU'RE SO STRONG--YOU HAVE BOILER-PLATE FOR LUNG TISSUES--NOW LET OUT YOUR BREATH!

SWOOSH!

RECRUITING OFFICE

BIG SHOT



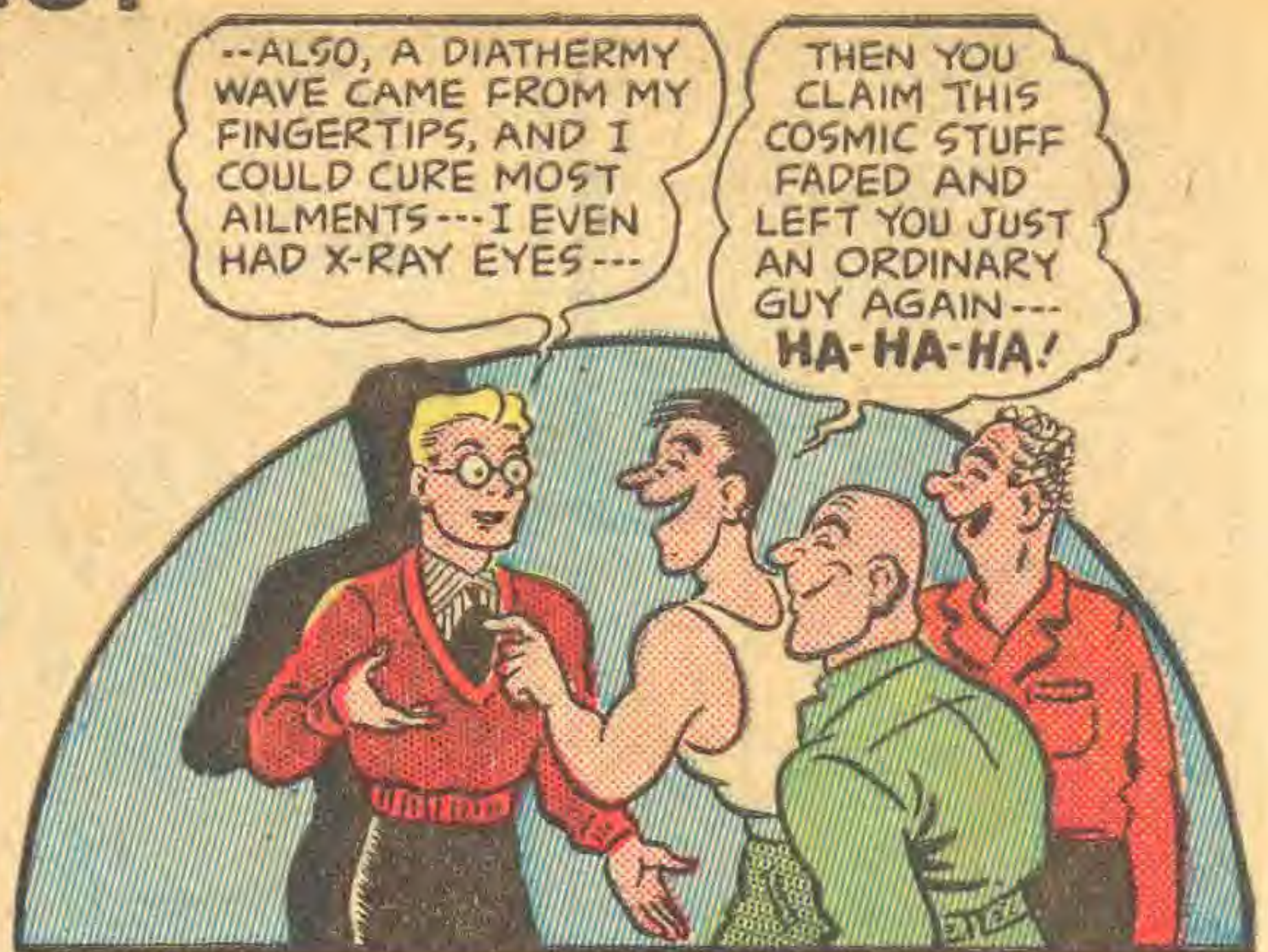
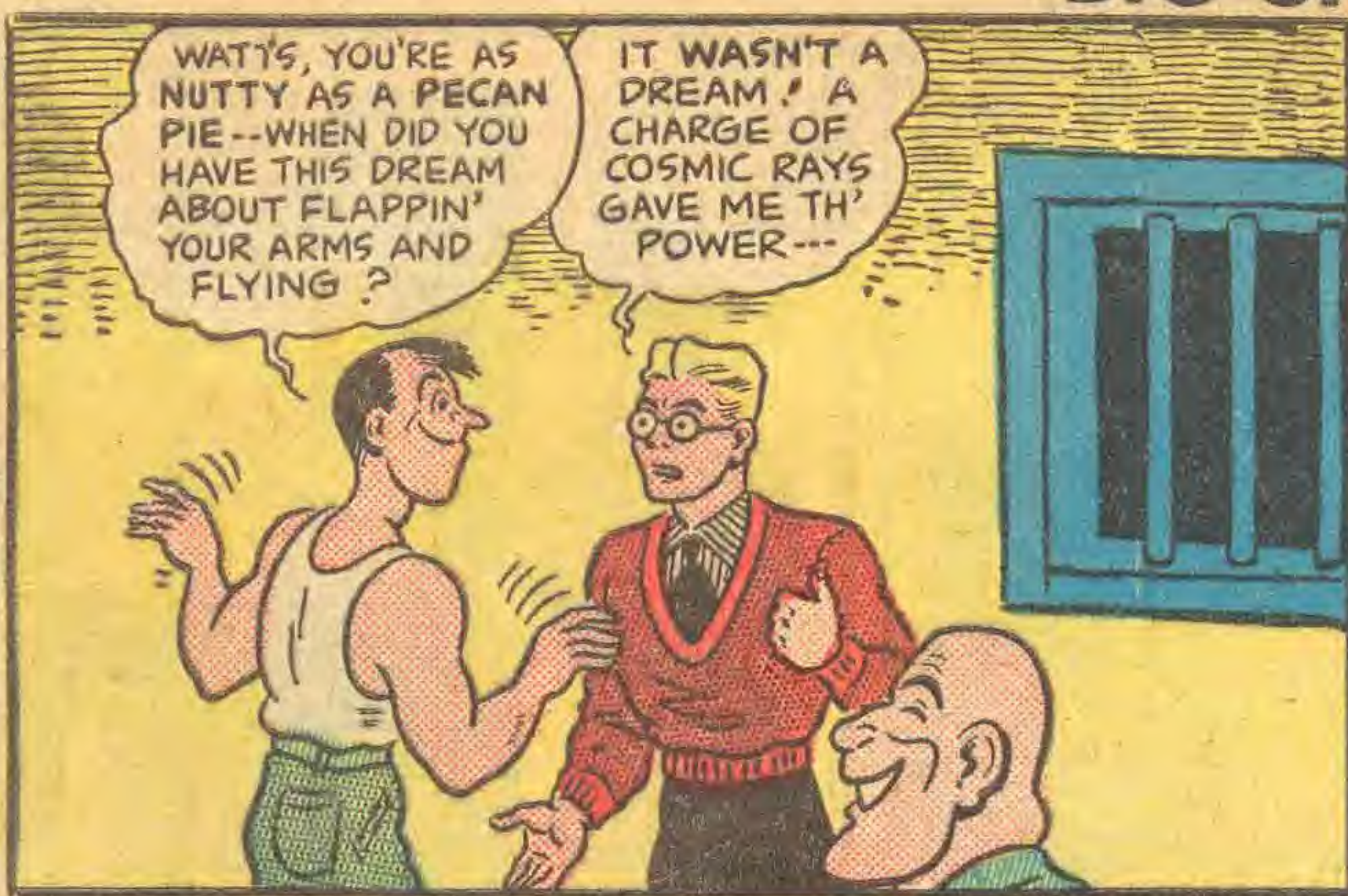
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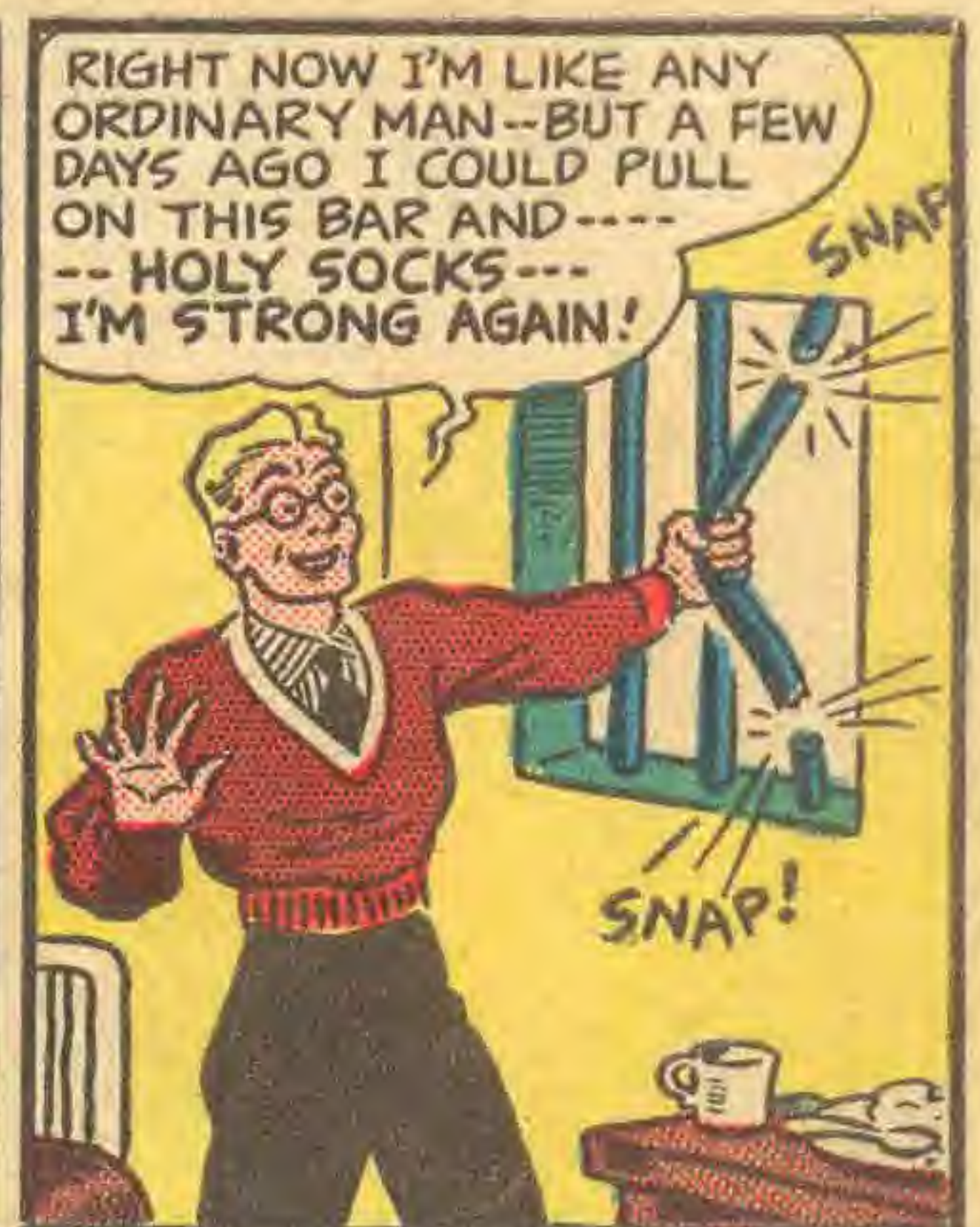
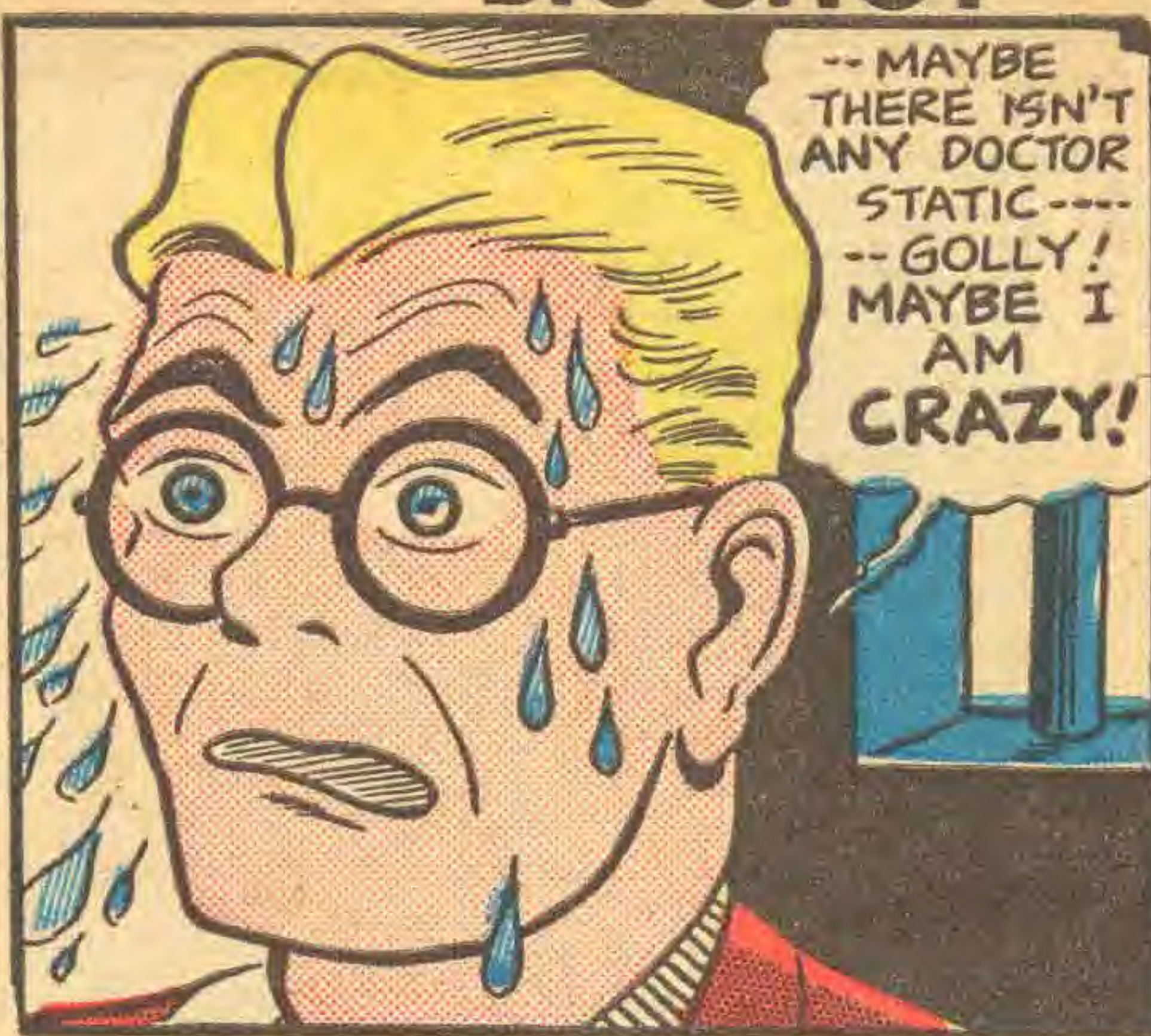
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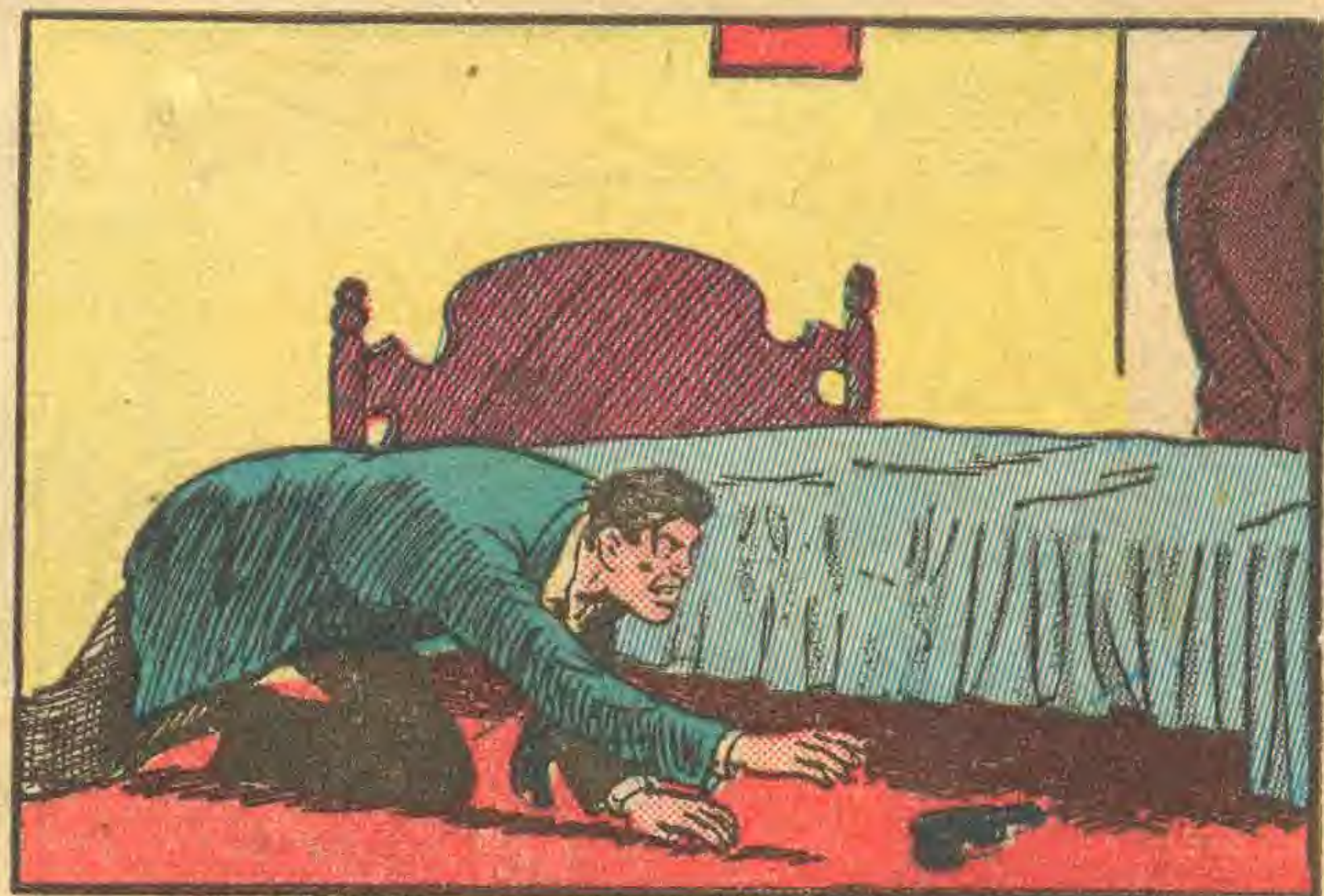
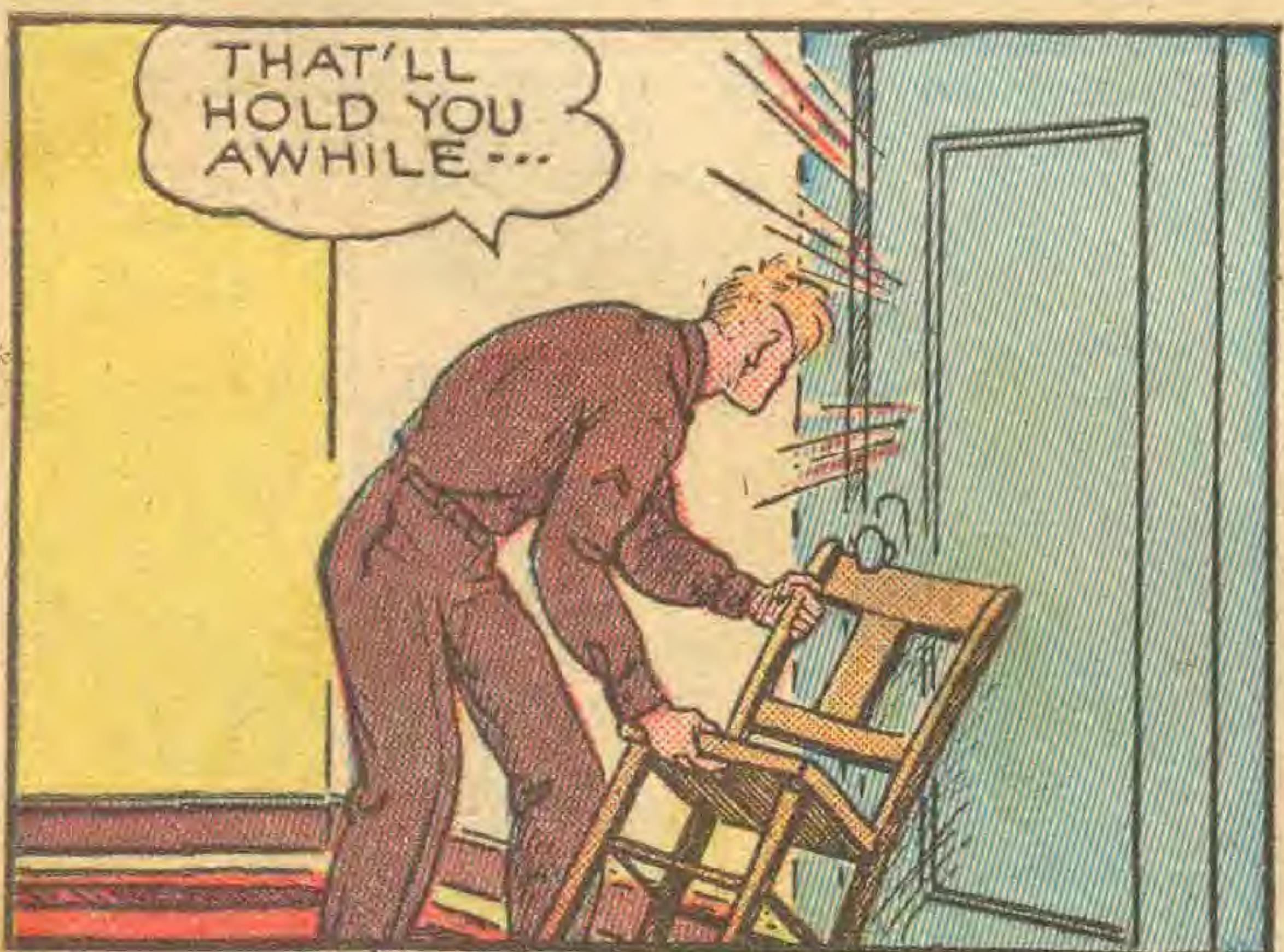
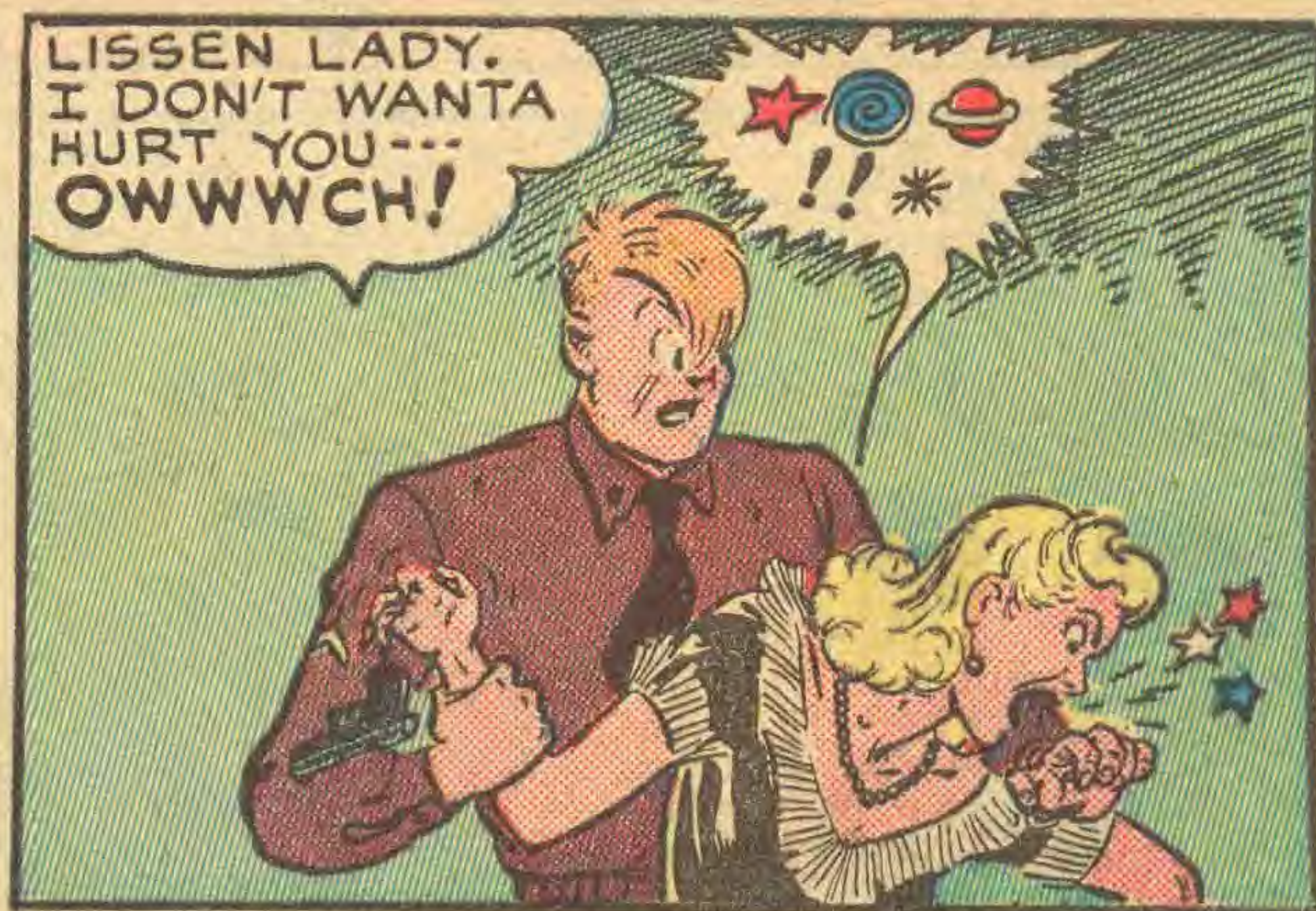


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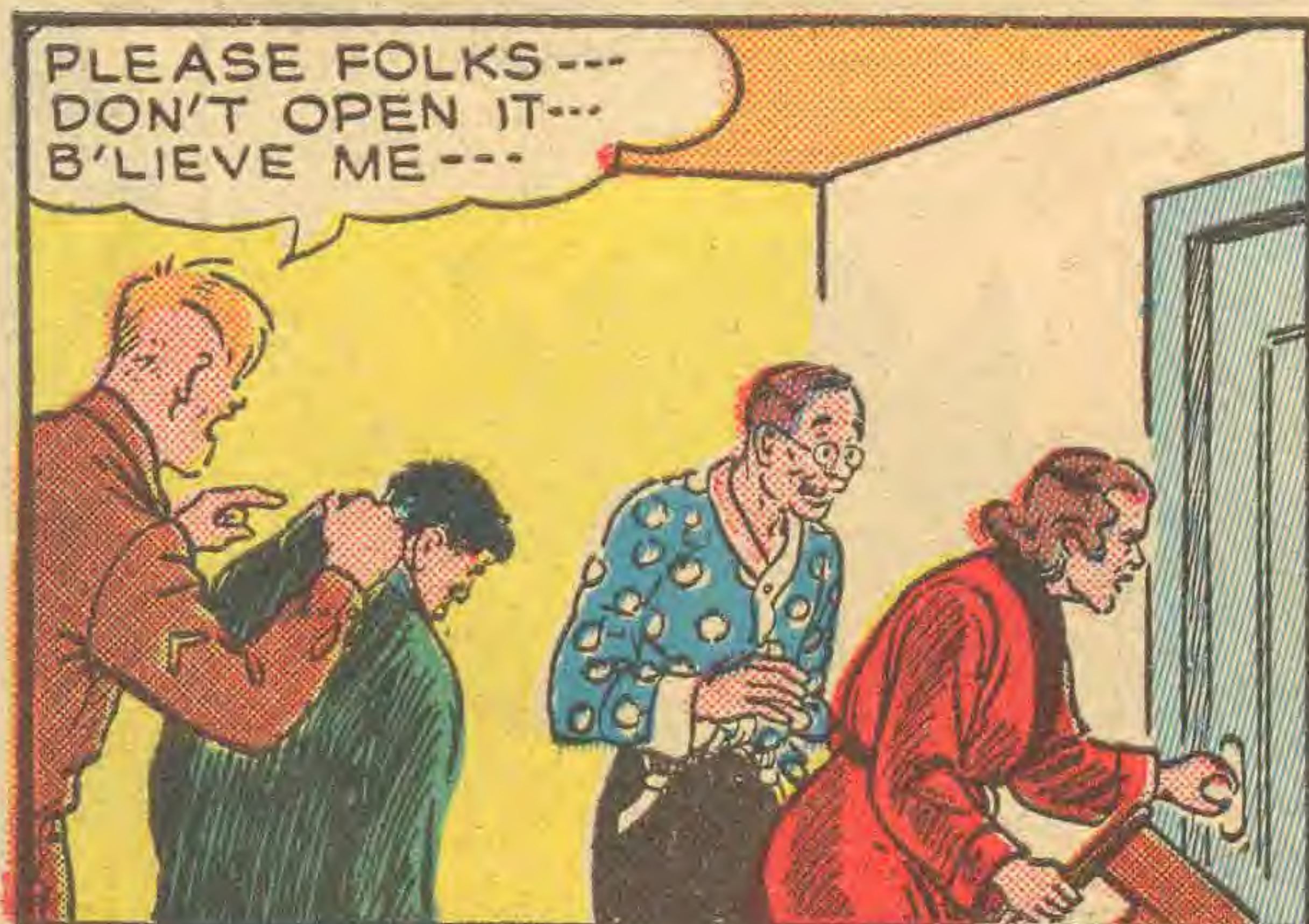
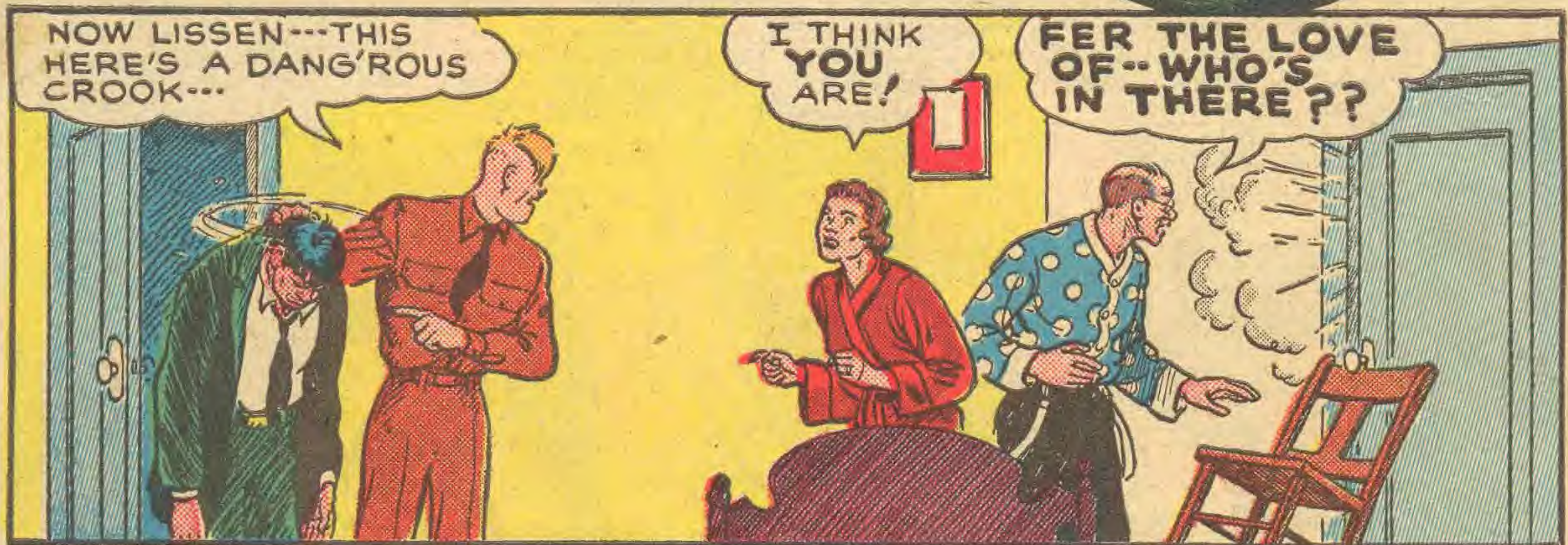
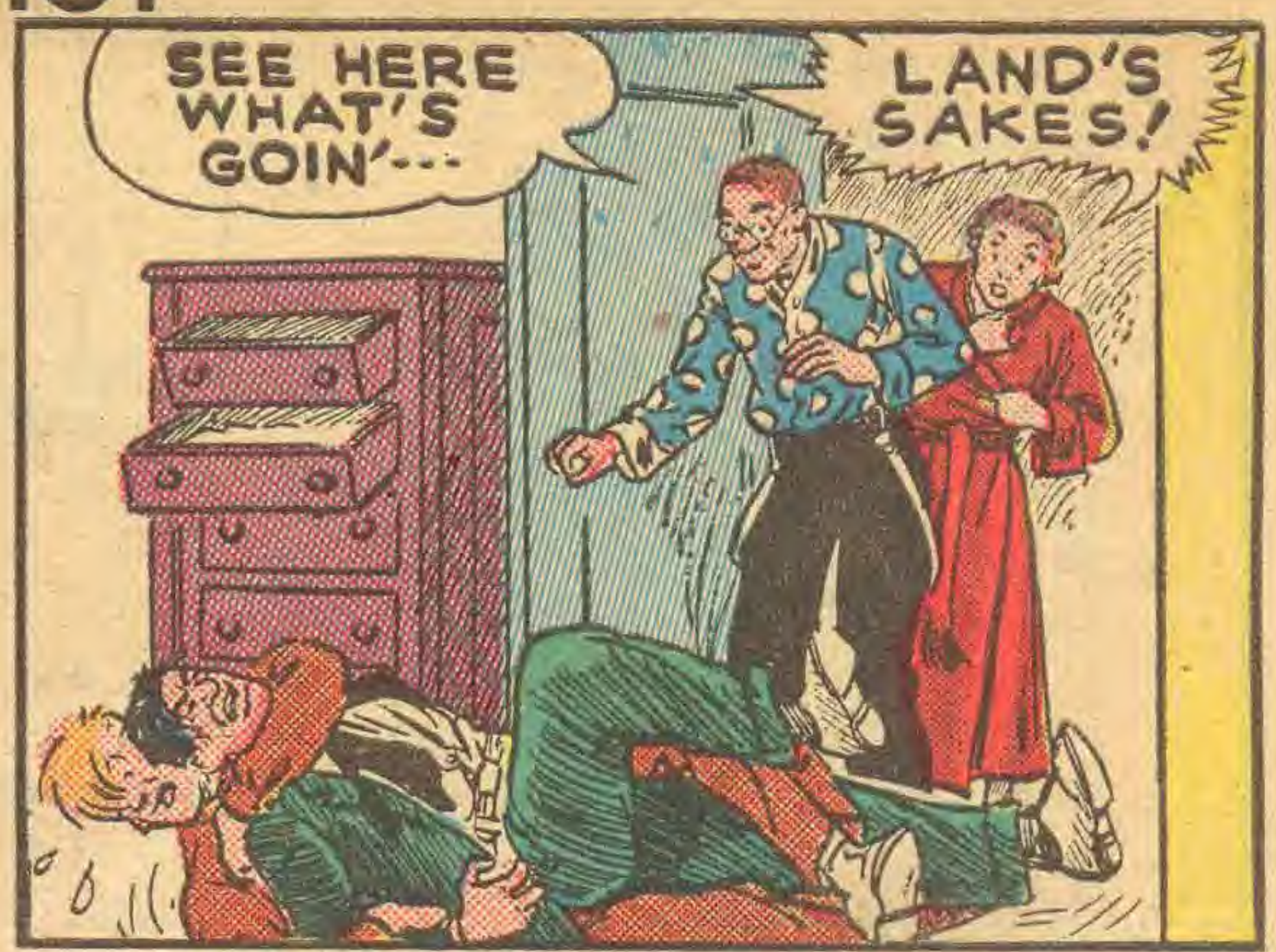
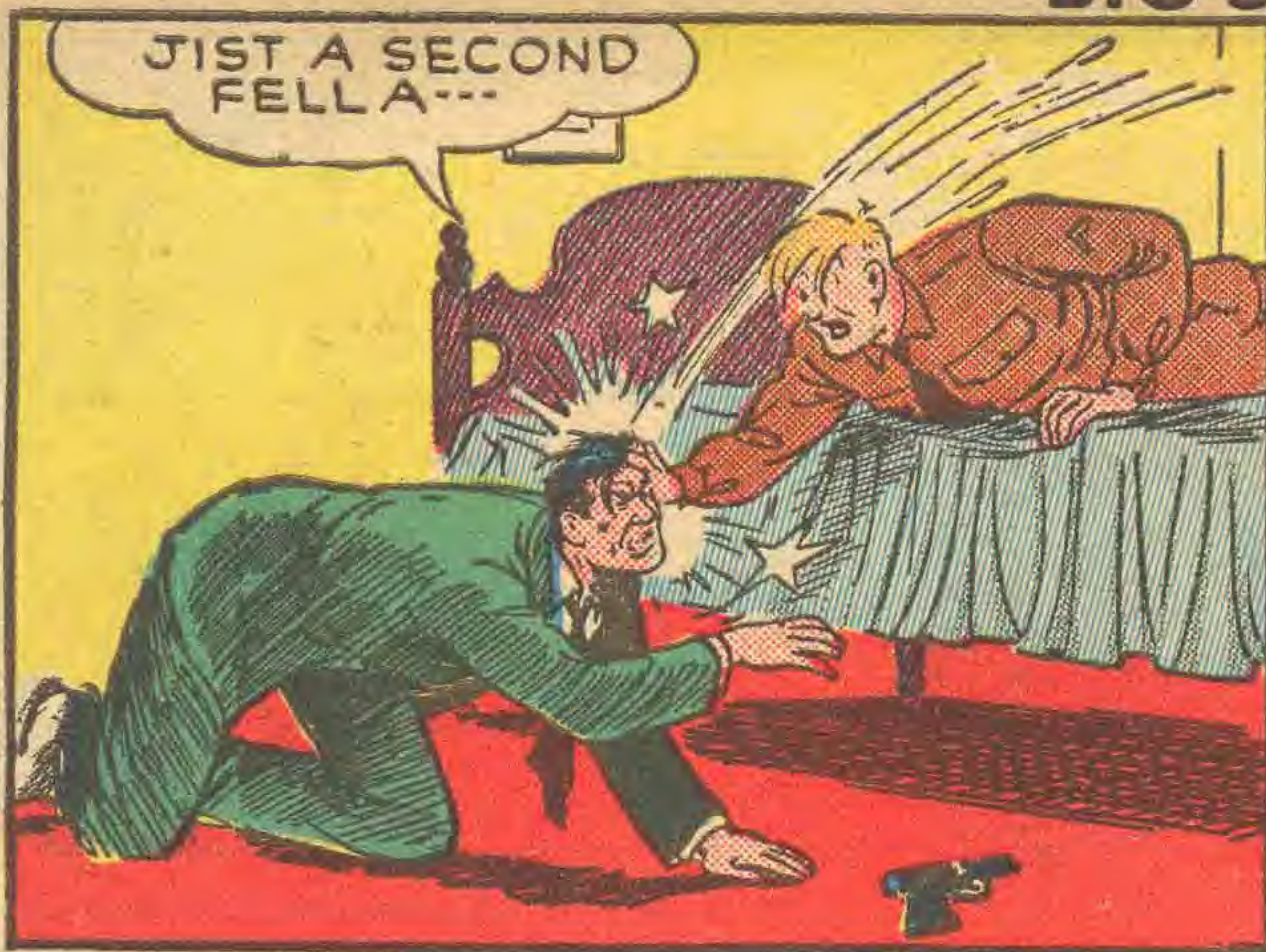
Joe

JOE HAS TRAILED THE THIEF TO A BOARDING HOUSE WHERE HE HAS SUCCEEDED IN KNOCKING HIM OUT. HE WHIRLS AROUND IN TIME TO SEE THE GIRL WITH THE GUN...

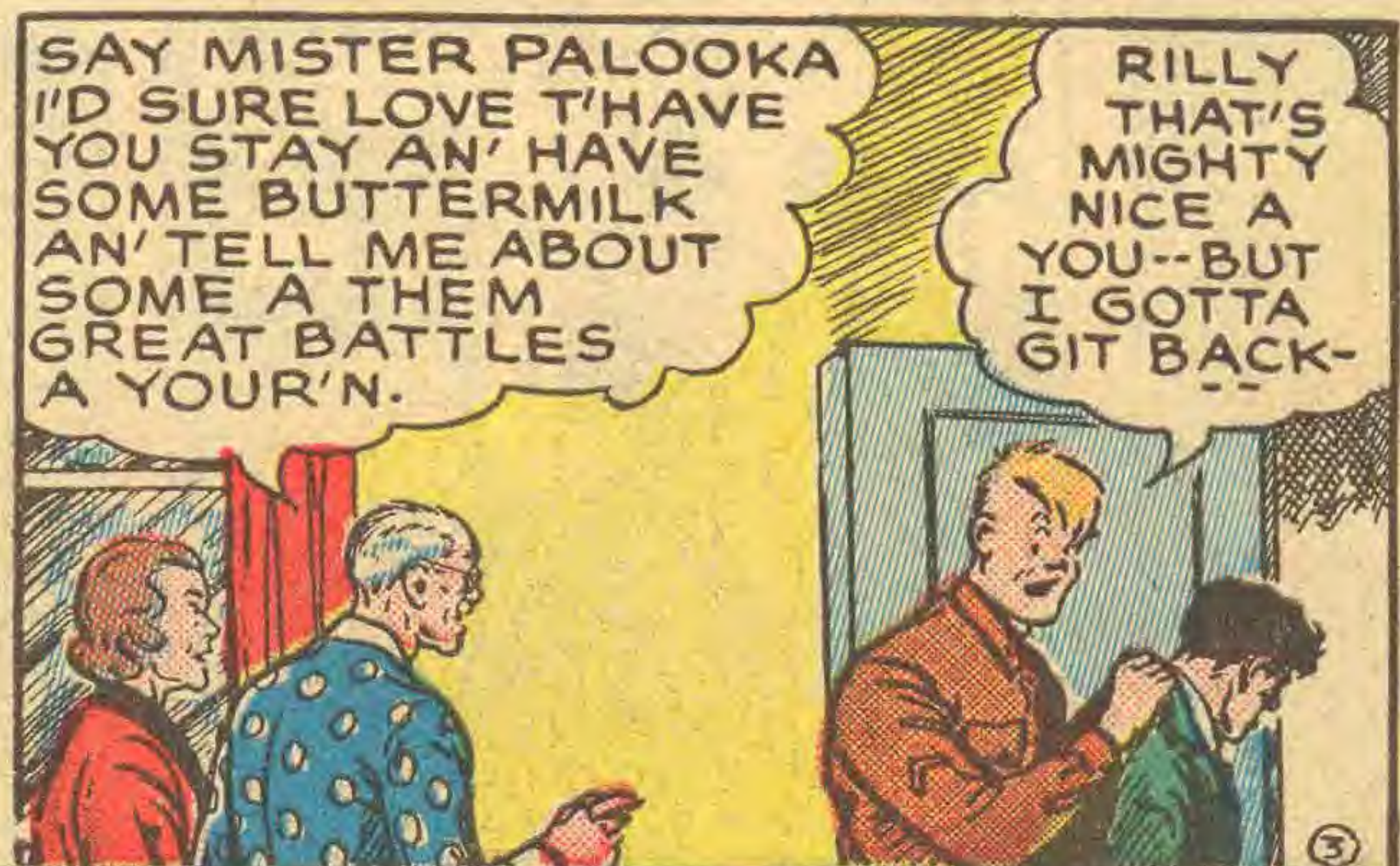
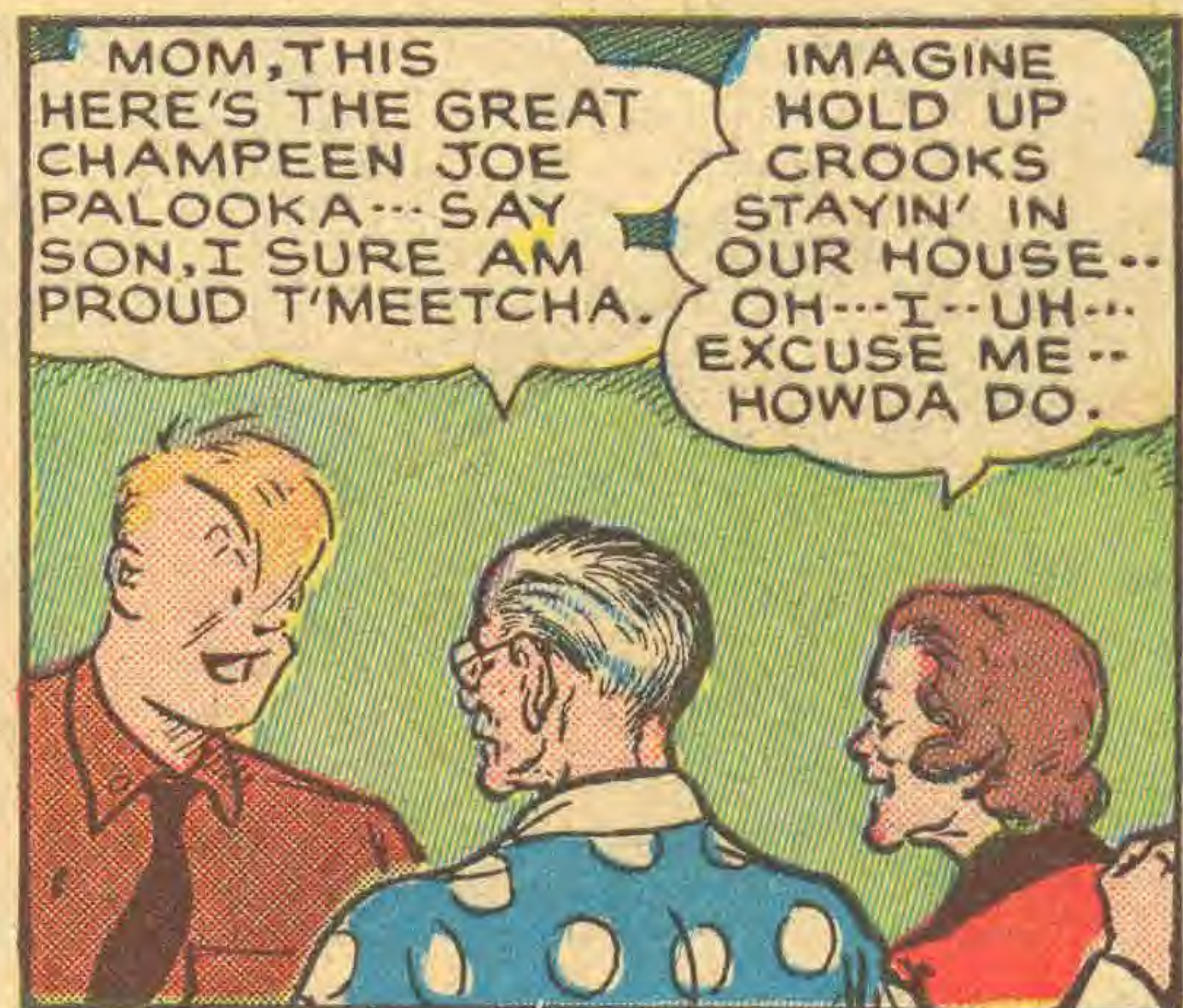
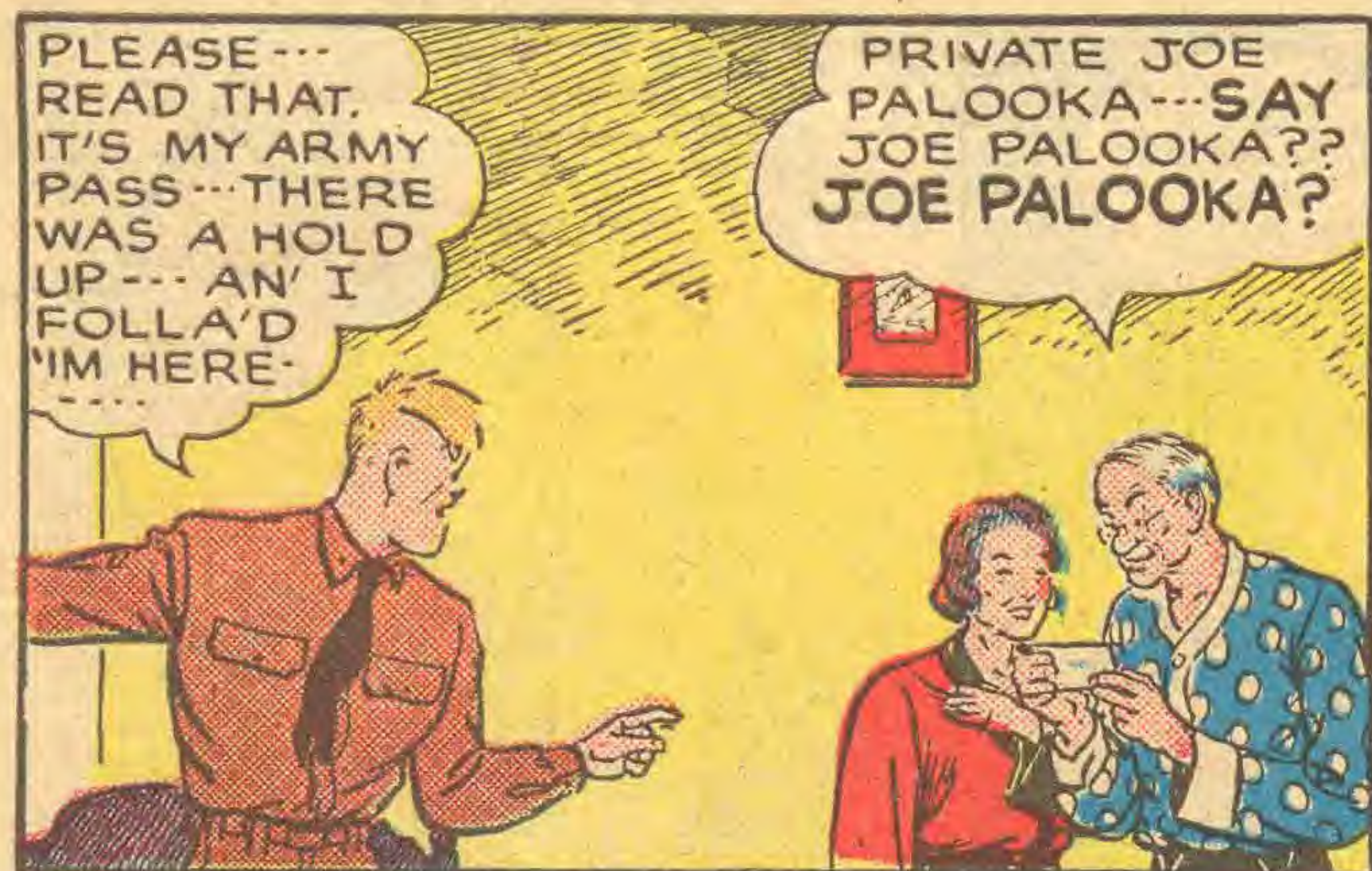
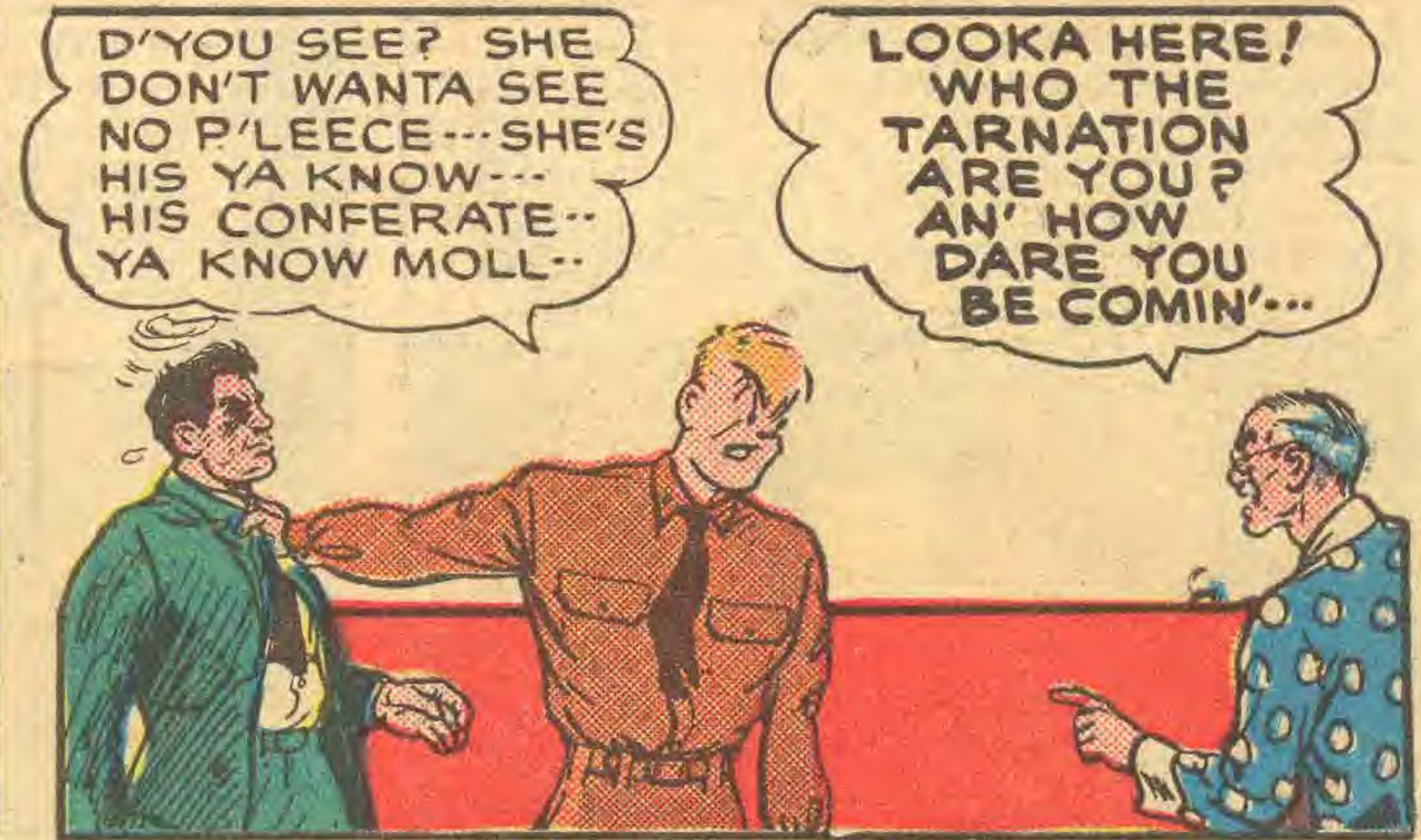
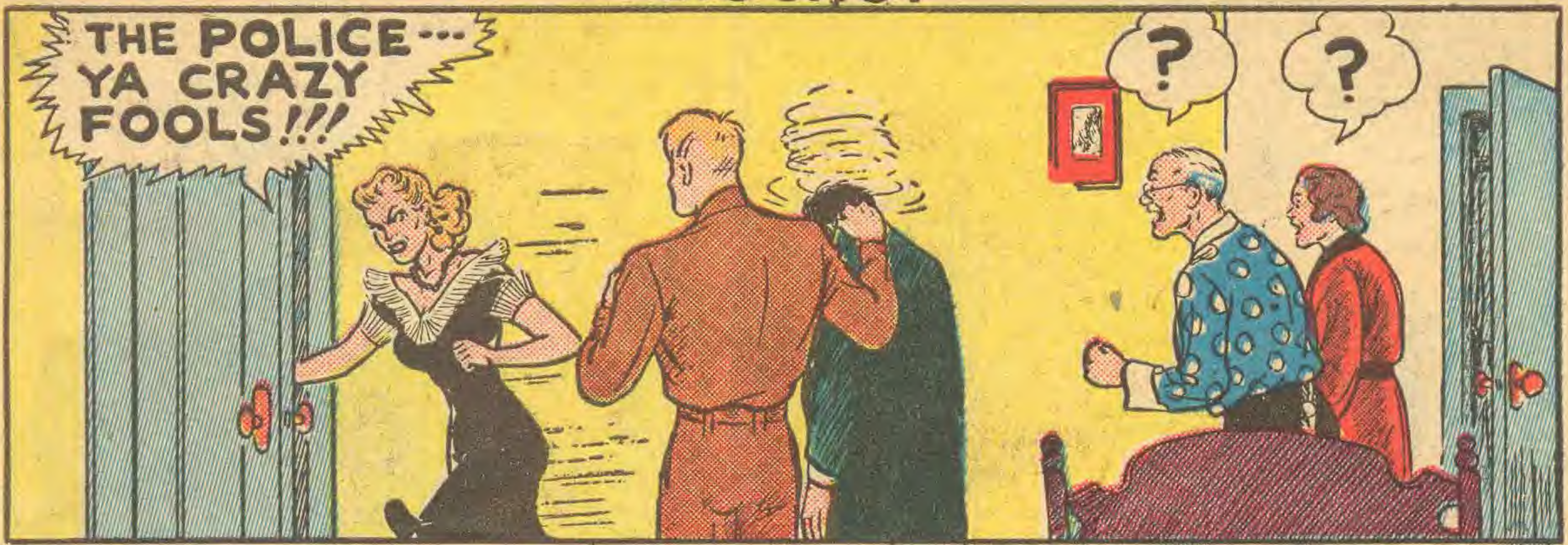
PALOOKA



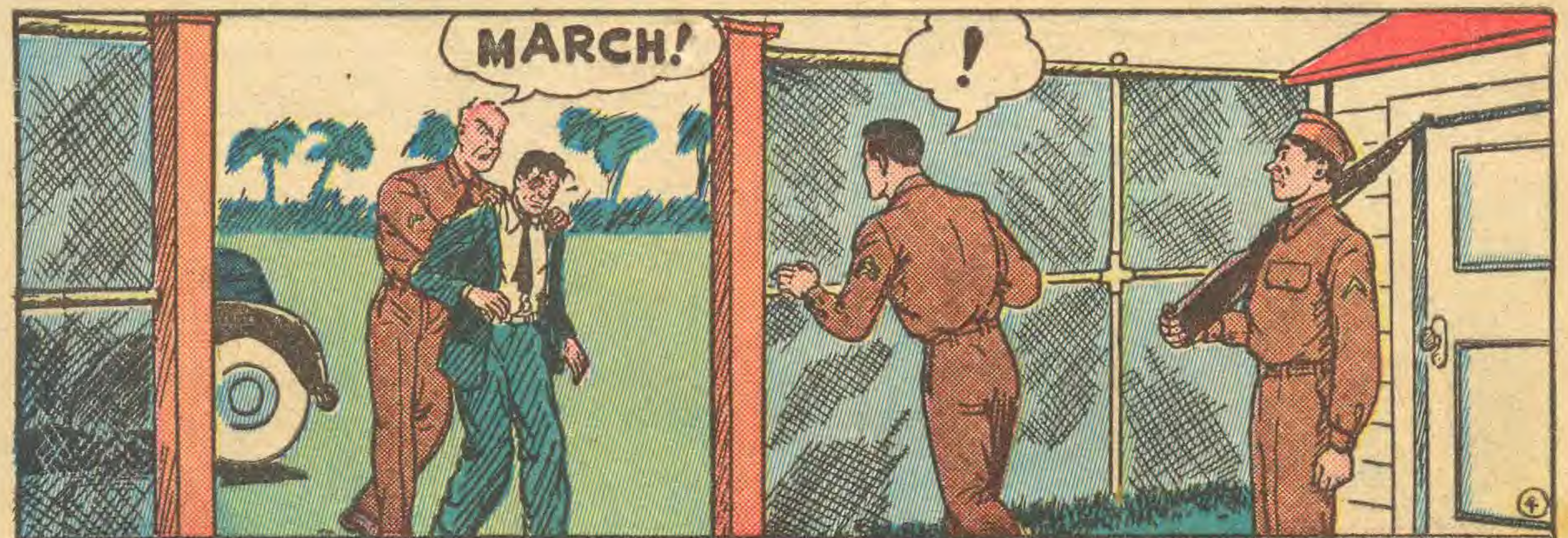
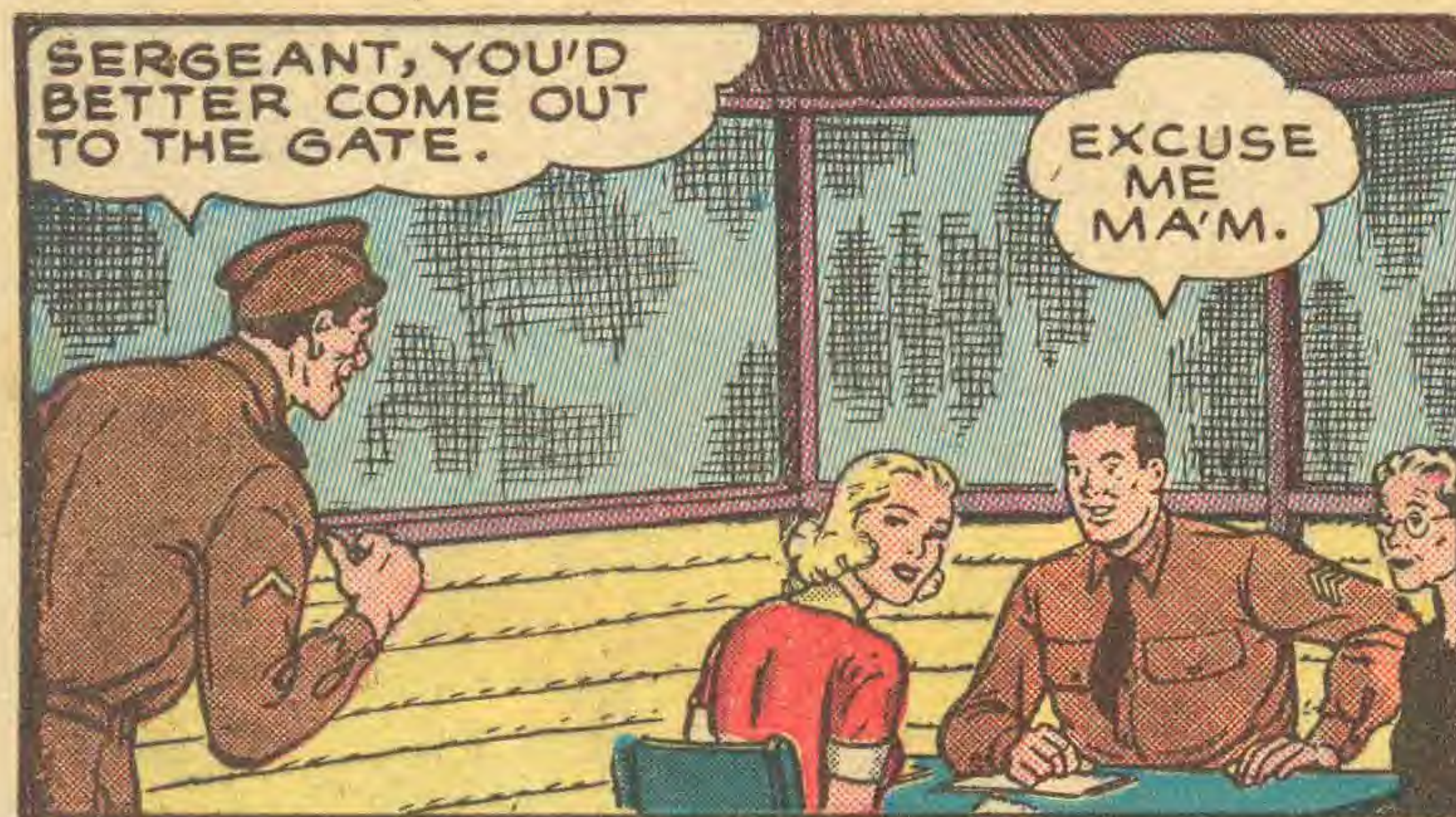
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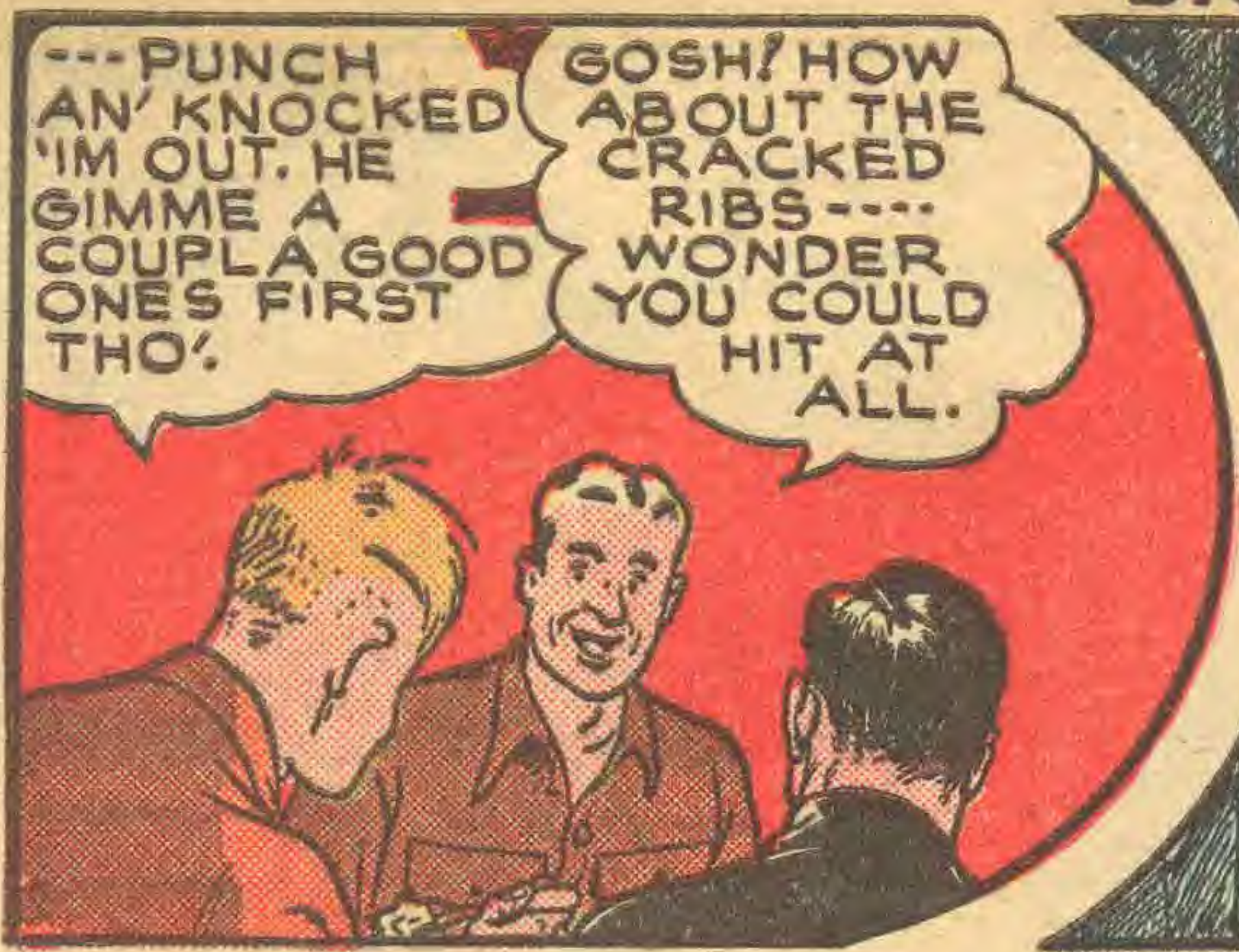
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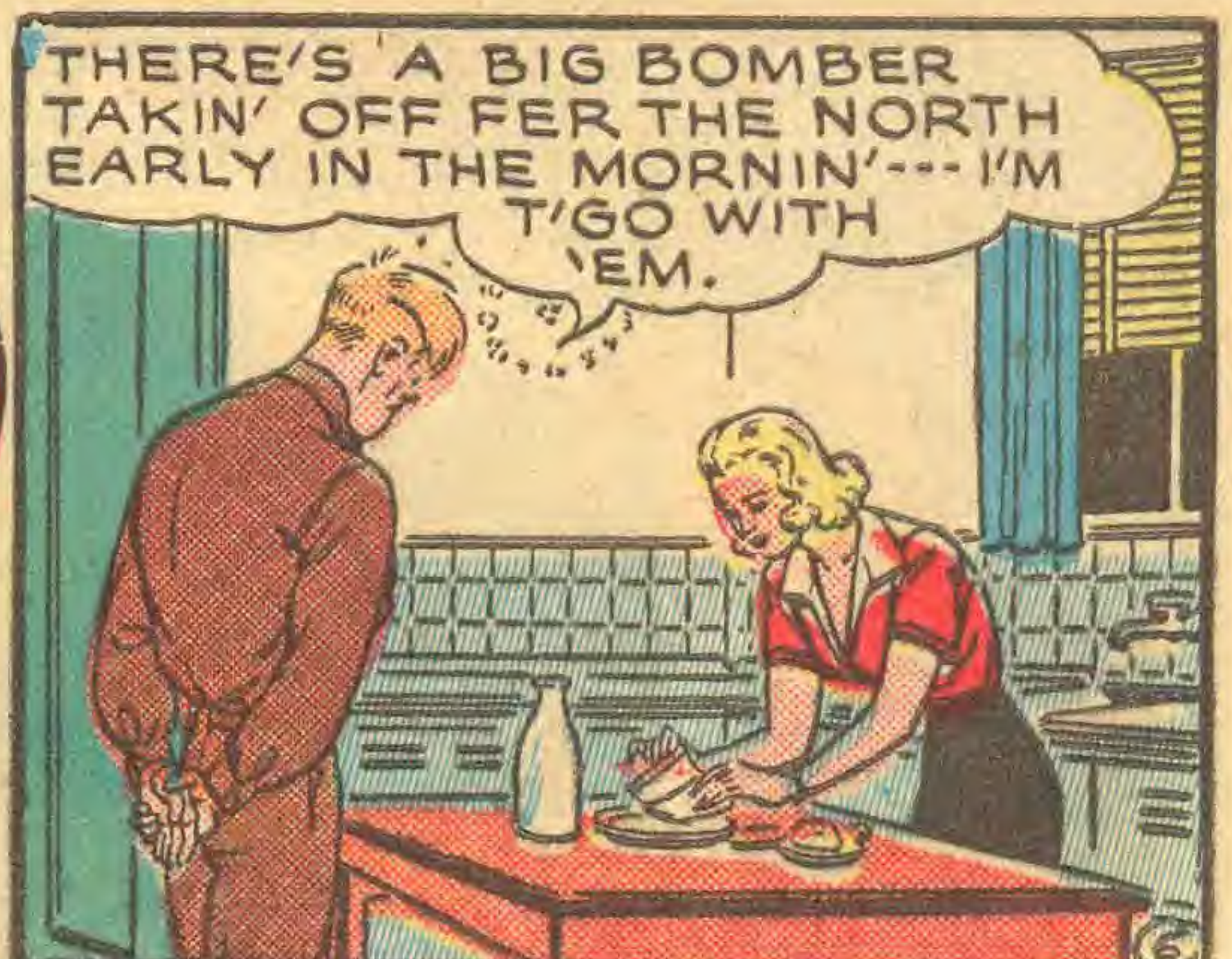
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WHILE AT CAMP DIX



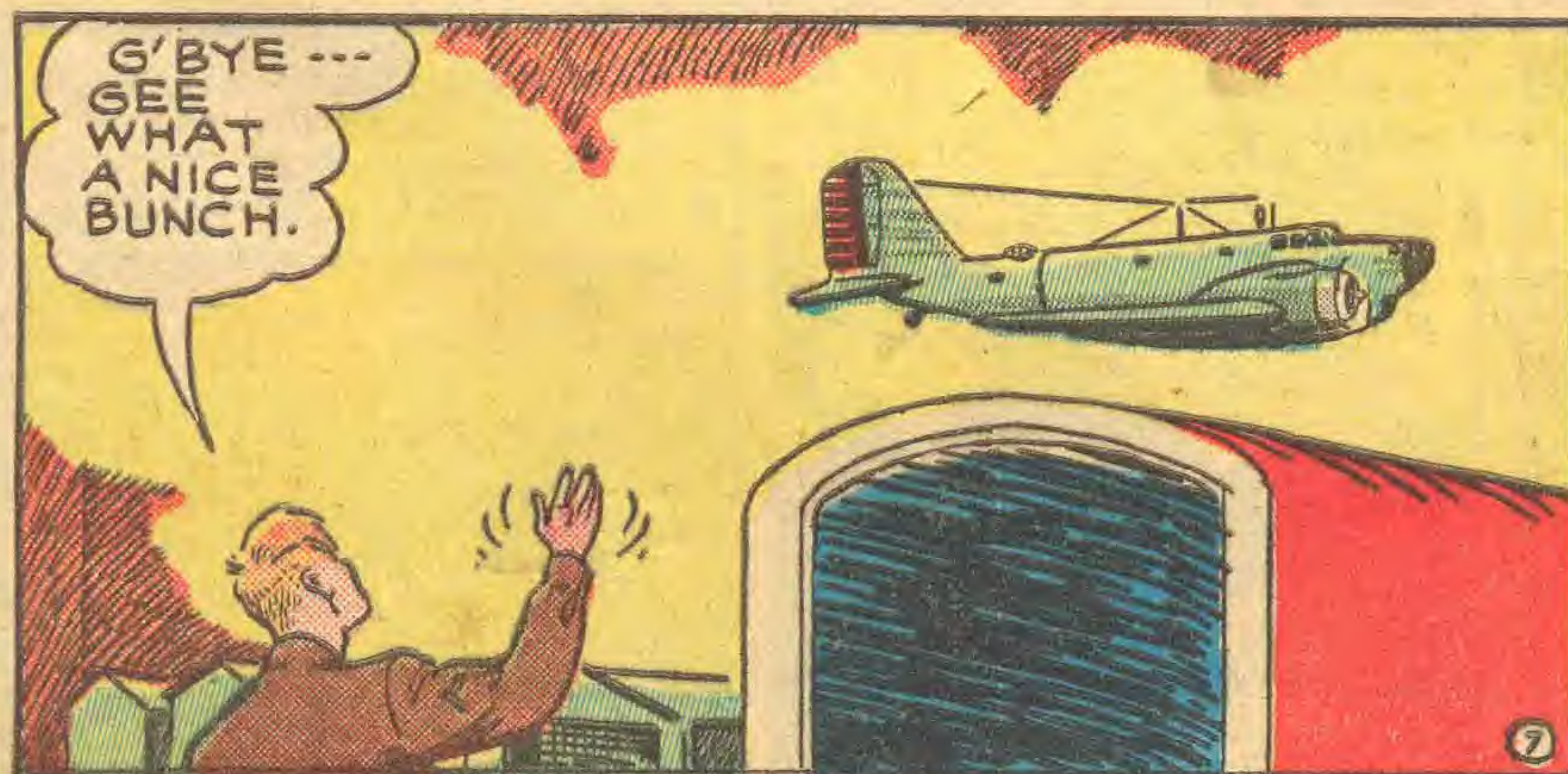
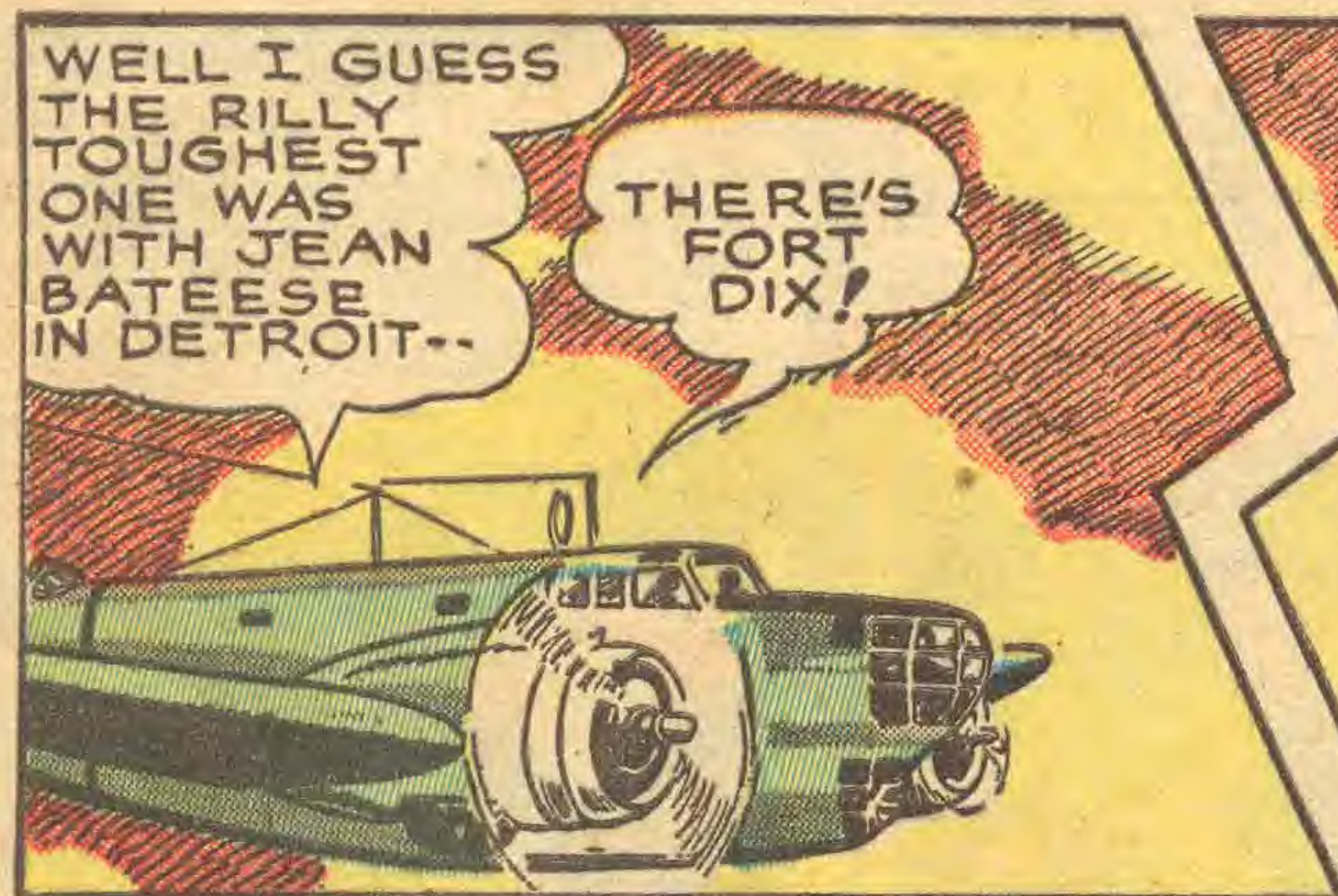
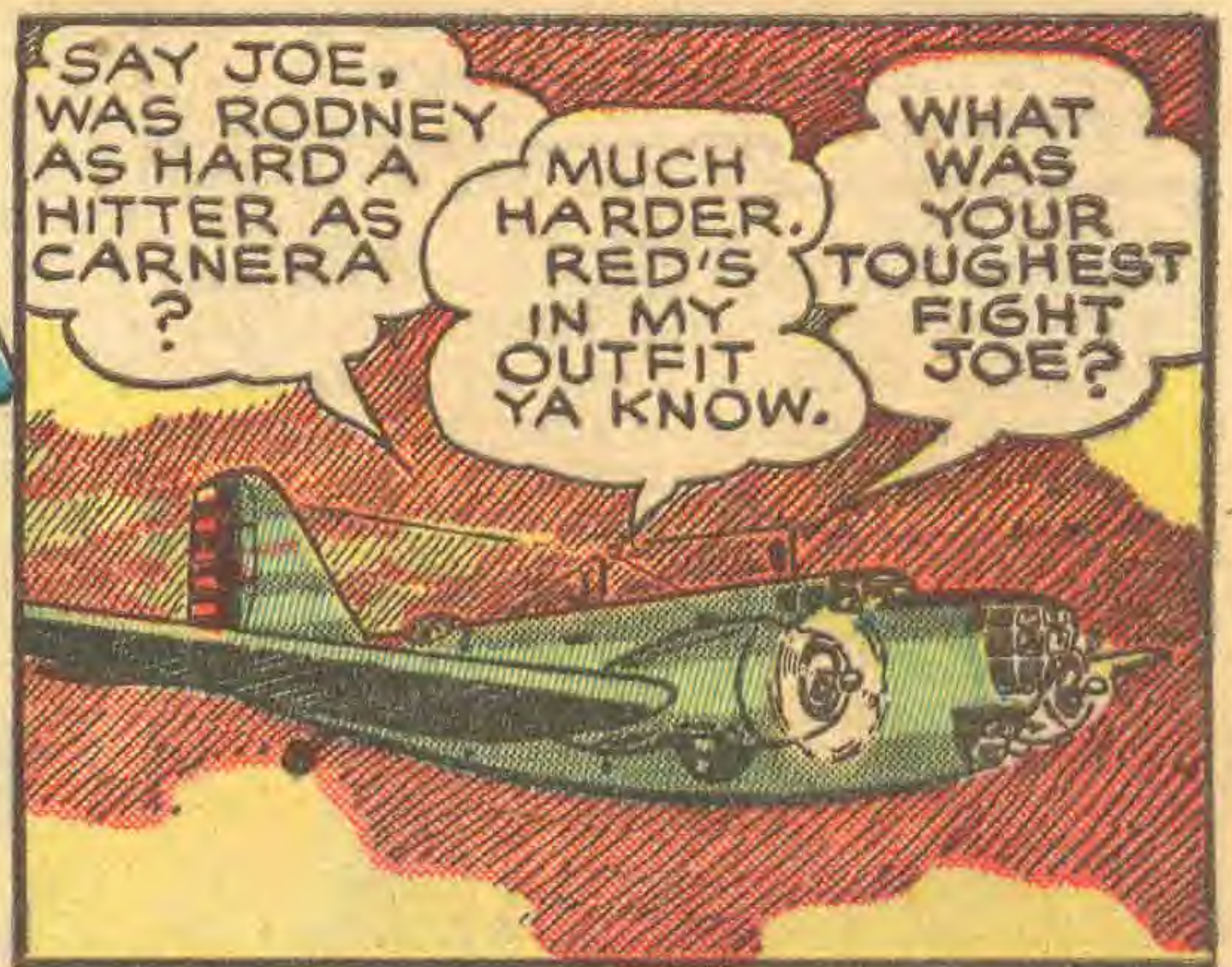
BACK TO JOE AGAIN.. ~



BIG SHOT



NEXT MORNING



MORE OF
JOE PALOOKA
IN
THE
NEXT ISSUE

CHARLIE

By ALFRED ANDRIOLA

CHARLIE AND KIRK ARE PRISONERS ABOARD A SUBMARINE, WHILE IN WASHINGTON FINAL PLANS ARE BEING MADE FOR CONSTRUCTION OF A DAM WHICH WILL DIVERT THE GULF STREAM THEREBY AIDING AMERICA'S DEFENSE OF COURSE THIS OCCURRED BEFORE PEARL HARBOR.....

Chan

IN A PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT...

WITH THESE FLOATING ANCHORAGES WE CAN HAVE THE GULF STREAM DAMMED IN A MONTH!

THAT WILL GIVE US GREATER DEFENSE THAN A HUNDRED DREAD-NAUGHTS!

WE CAN LEAVE THE MAIN FLEET IN THE PACIFIC!

HERE ARE THE FINISHED PLANS, SIR!

FINE! A STEEL PLANT IN ALABAMA IS ALL SET FOR MASS PRODUCTION!

I'M IMPATIENT TO GET TO KEY LARGO TO DIRECT CONSTRUCTION OPERATIONS! BUT I MUST URGE CONTINUED SEARCH FOR CHAN AND BARROW!

PLANES FROM TWO AIRCRAFT CARRIERS ARE FINE-COMBING THE SEA FOR THAT ENEMY SUBMARINE!



WE'LL BE IN FLORIDA FOR SUPPER, GINA!

ANY NEWS OF KIRK AND CHARLIE, ADMIRAL RUDLEY?

WE CAN TRUST THE NAVY! IT WON'T FAIL US NOW!

ABOARD THE ATLANTIS, WHERE KIRK AND CHARLIE ARE PRISONERS...

IT IS OUR SHIP, CAPTAIN RECKER! IT WAS DELAYED IN GETTING AWAY FROM TAMPICO-

YES! YES! I KNOW! I SEE THE CONTACT SIGNAL NOW! DISCHARGE BALLAST! WE GO UP!

THE EMBASSY DEMANDS IMMEDIATE INFORMATION ABOUT OUR TWO PRISONERS - WITHOUT DELAY, CAPTAIN!

ACH! SUCH FOOLISHNESS! A YANKEE RECRUIT AND A CHINESE COOK! WIRELESS THE EMBASSY! IT MEANS NOTHING!



ALWAYS RICE, RICE, RICE! I TELL CAPTAIN! YOU GO ON TANKER! **GERAUS!**

CHOW-CHOW ALLEE SAMEE GET FRESH MILK FROM SUPPLY SHIP, PLEASE!

REFUEL ATLANTIS! RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO THE FATHERLAND WITH YOUR TWO PRISONERS! ONE IS AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS SECRET AGENT! HE IS —

ACH! SUCH A TIME FOR THE AMERICAN APPARATUS TO FAIL!

THE SUBMARINE ATLANTIS MANEUVERS TOWARD THE OIL TANKER, WHICH RELEASES A SMALL BOAT TO CARRY THE FUEL LINES TO THE U-BOAT...



BIG SHOT

ON THE CONNING TOWER BRIDGE

ORDERS TO RETURN TO WILHELMSHAVEN! ONE OF OUR PRISONERS IS AMERICA'S ACE SPY!

SO! THE YANKEE THOUGHT HE COULD FOOL ME! I SUSPECTED! -KIRK BARROW-BRAVE, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH!



MEANWHILE, AT THE CONTROL VALVES OF THE FUEL STORAGE TANKS...

ALL TANKS CLEANED, YES?

RIGHT! BUT THE FUMES ALMOST CHOKED ME!

YOU WANT FRESH AIR, MAYBE - YES?



NOW-UP ON DECK! WE LOAD OIL! YOU LIKE THAT, YES?

UP ON DECK! WHAT A RELIEF!

NOW COMES OPPORTUNITY FOR ESCAPE - NOT TOO SOON!



AS THE ATLANTIS FLOATS BESIDE THE SUPPLY SHIP TO REFUEL...

KIRK BARROW! YOU MEANT TO BETRAY ME! NOW-YOU PAY DOUBLE!



AT FIRST SIGHT DAYS AGO, I KNEW YOU, BARROW! AN AMERICAN SECRET AGENT - A SPY!

WHO-ME? SAY, LISTEN, RECKER-THIS ISN'T A DISGUISE - THIS IS OIL!



MEANWHILE, CHAN CARRIES THE TWO EMPTY DECANTERS ON THE WET DECK, INTENT ON HIS PLAN FOR ESCAPE -

EMPTY BOTTLES CONTAIN DESPERATE HOPE FOR TIRED SWIMMERS! NOW, WE SEE...



AS HE COMPLETES HIS INGENIOUS LIFE PRESERVERS...

HALT! OR I SHOOT!



SORRY, RECKER! SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU! SO LONG!



STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! SHOOT HIM!



SENDING IN SUBSTITUTES, EH?

IT IS



THIS IS WHAT I LEARNED AT GOOD OLD LELAND STANFORD!



MAN OVER-BOARD!

IN THE CONFUSION TO RESCUE THE SAILOR, KIRK ESCAPES...

ATLANTIS



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



**MORE
NEXT
ISSUE..**

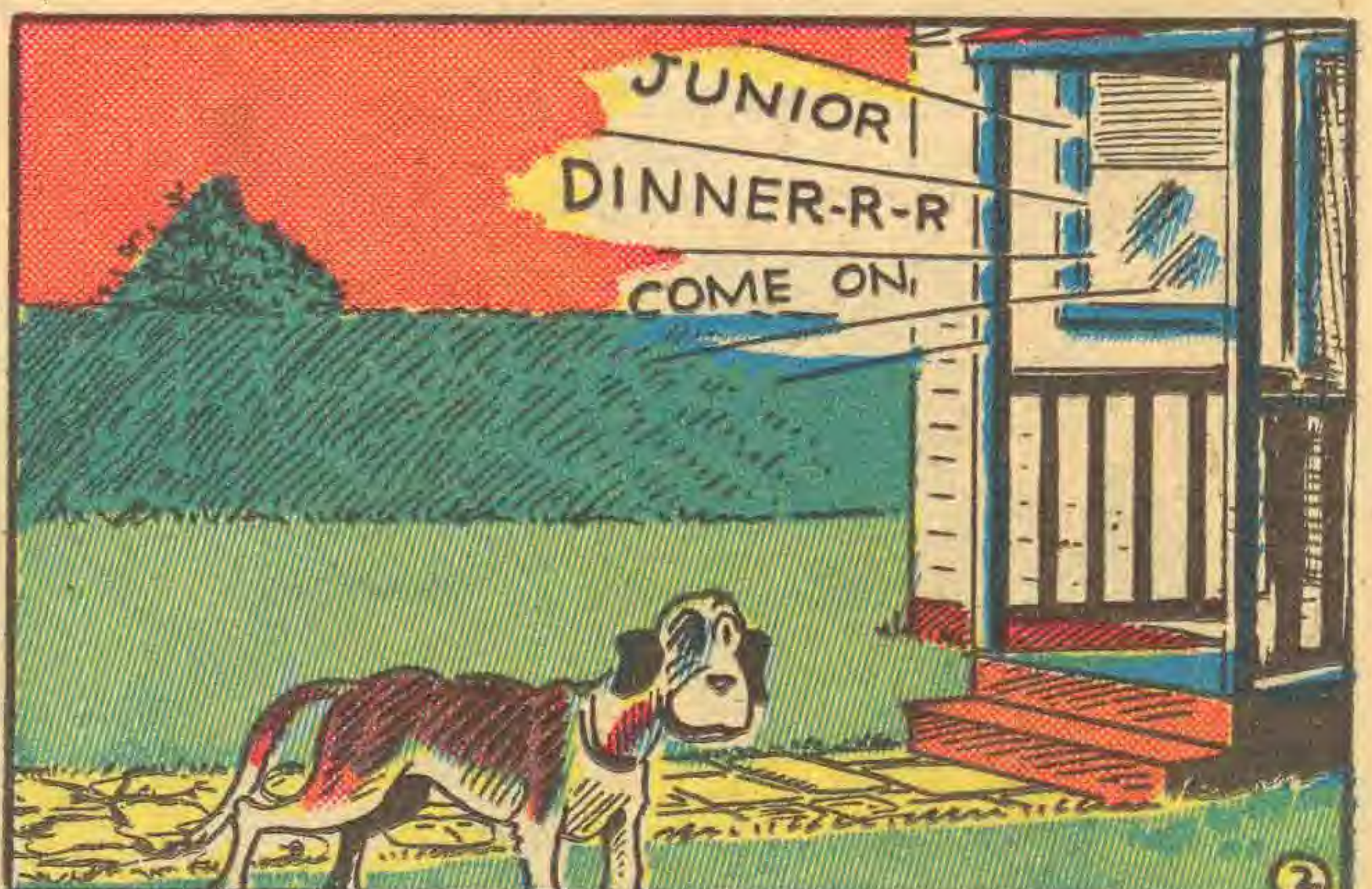
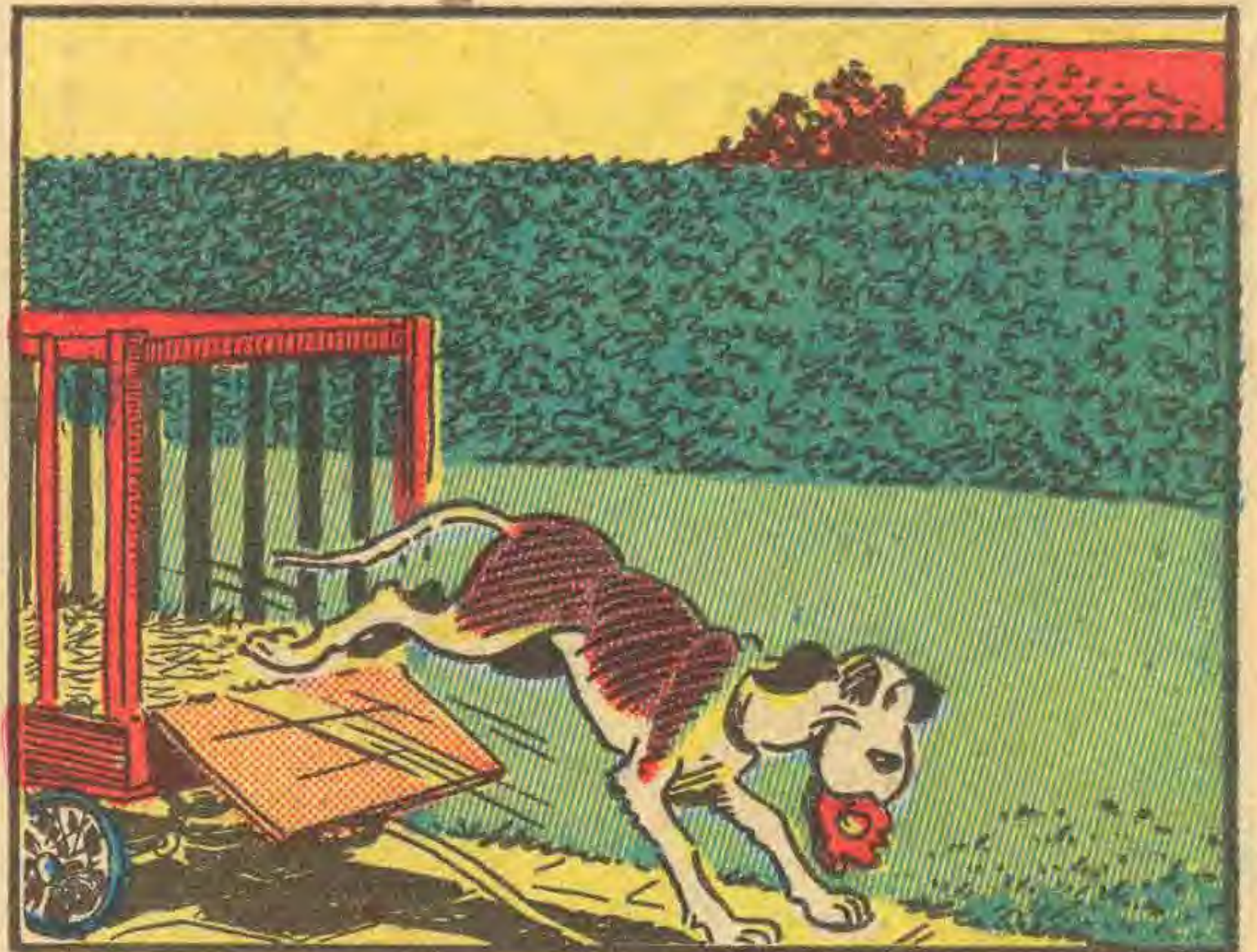
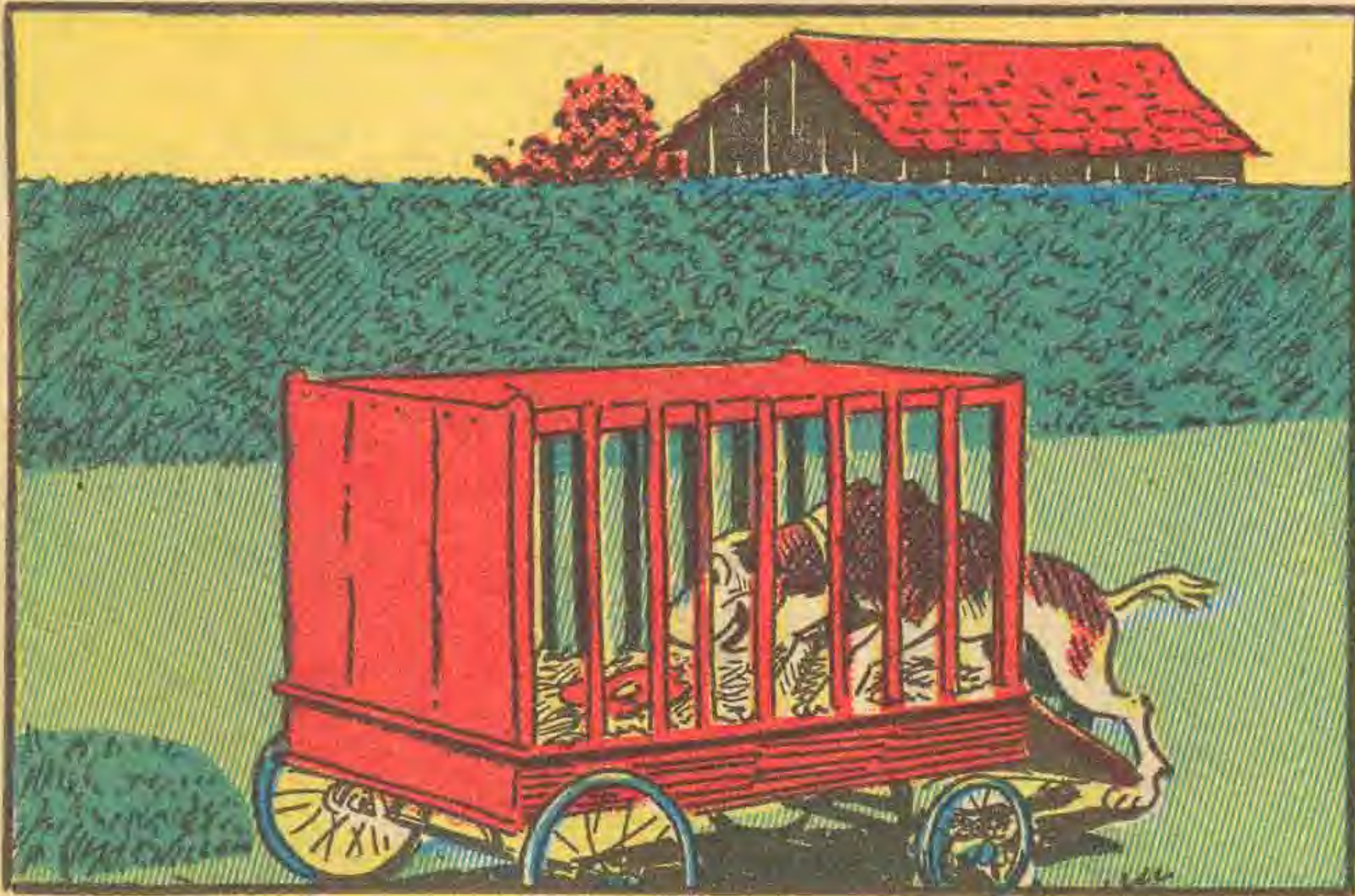
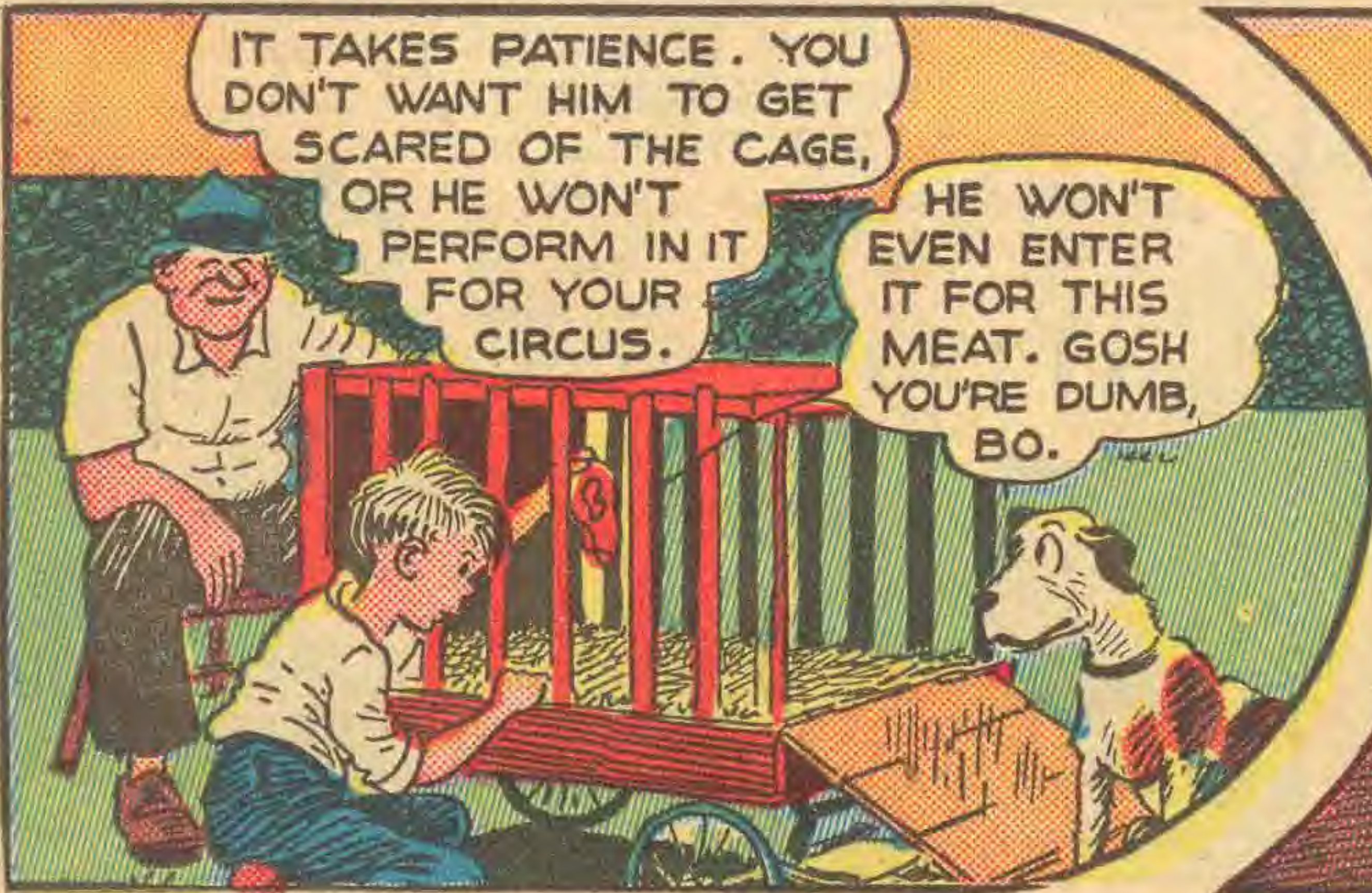
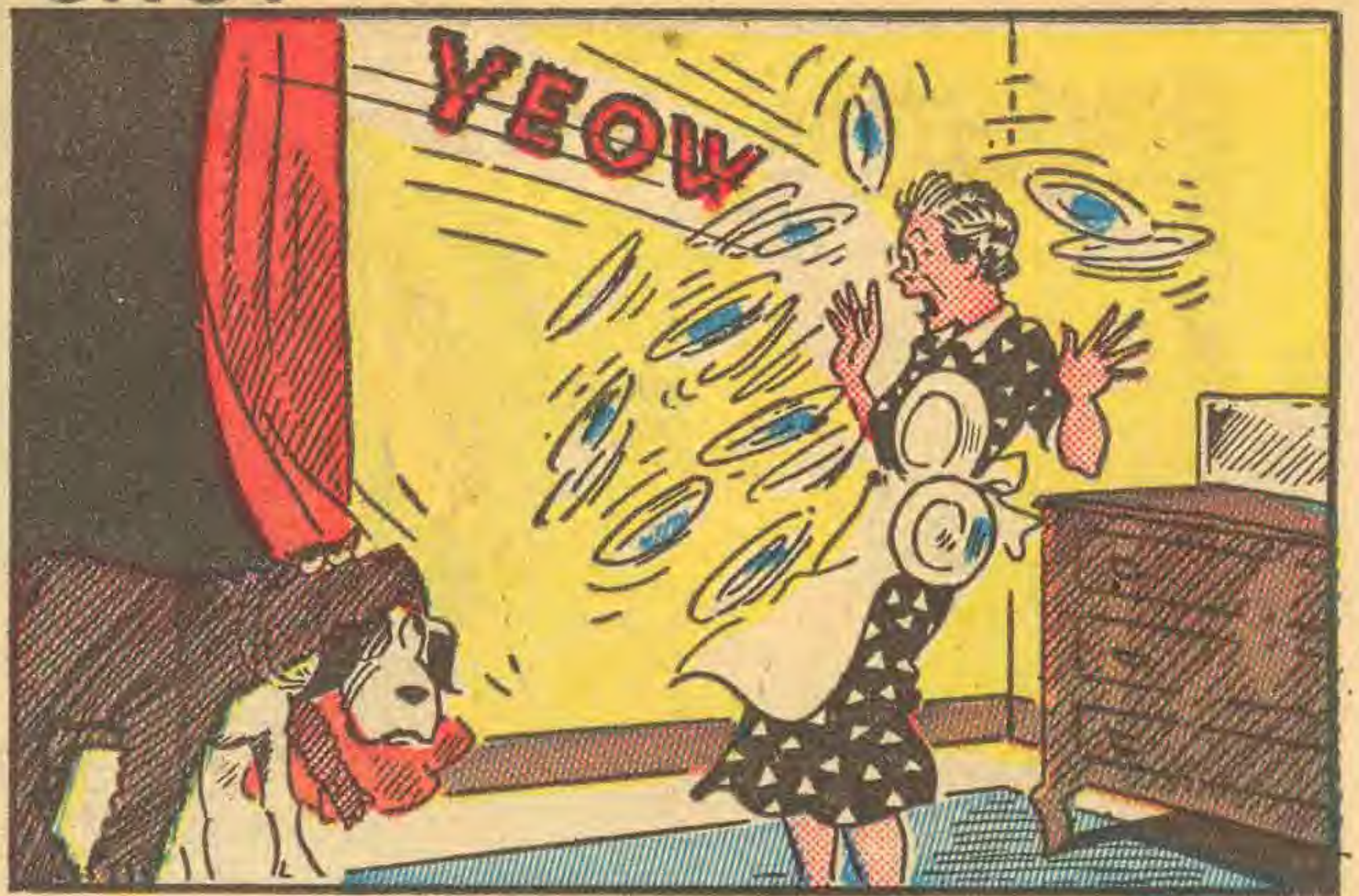
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BOO

BY FRANK BECK



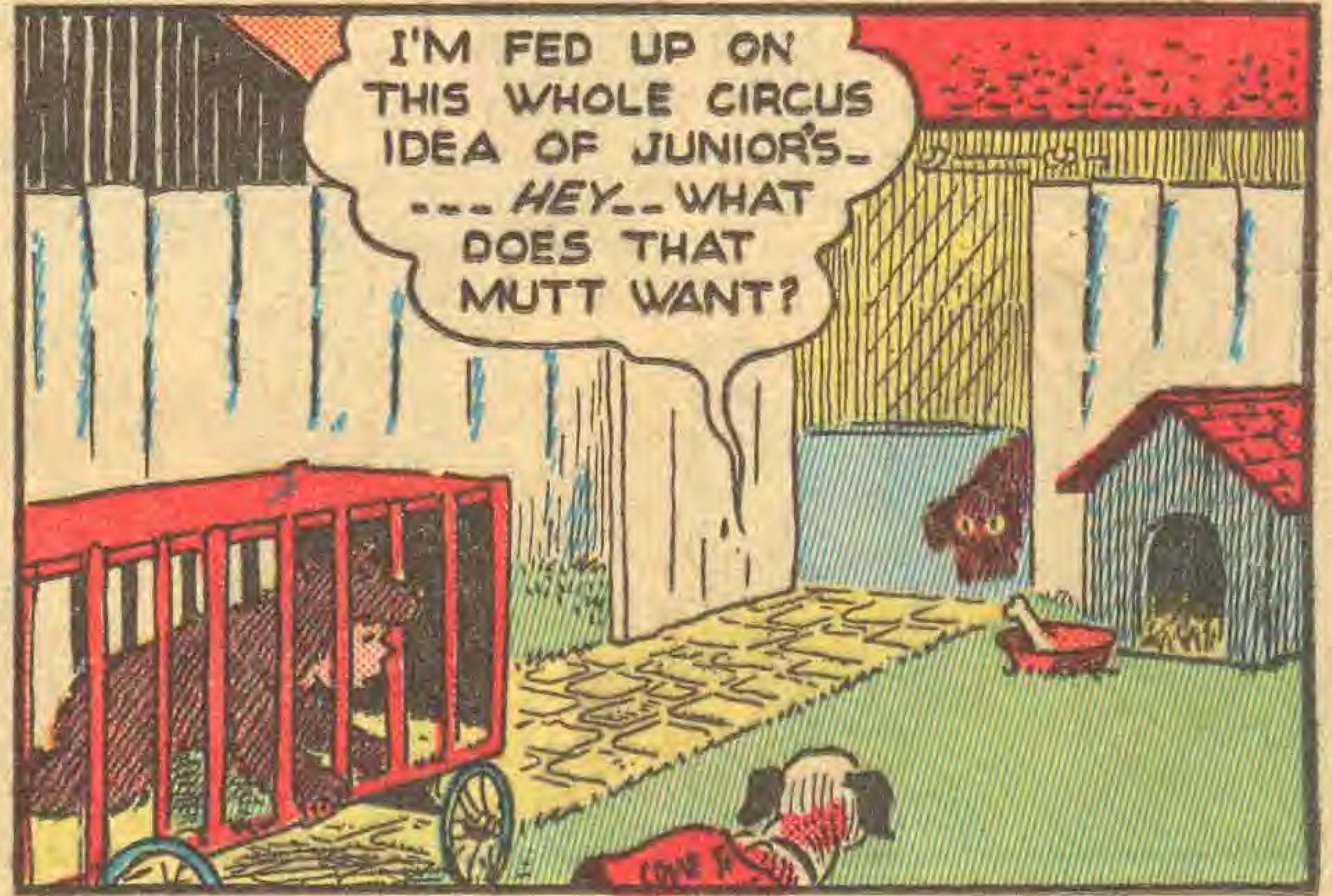
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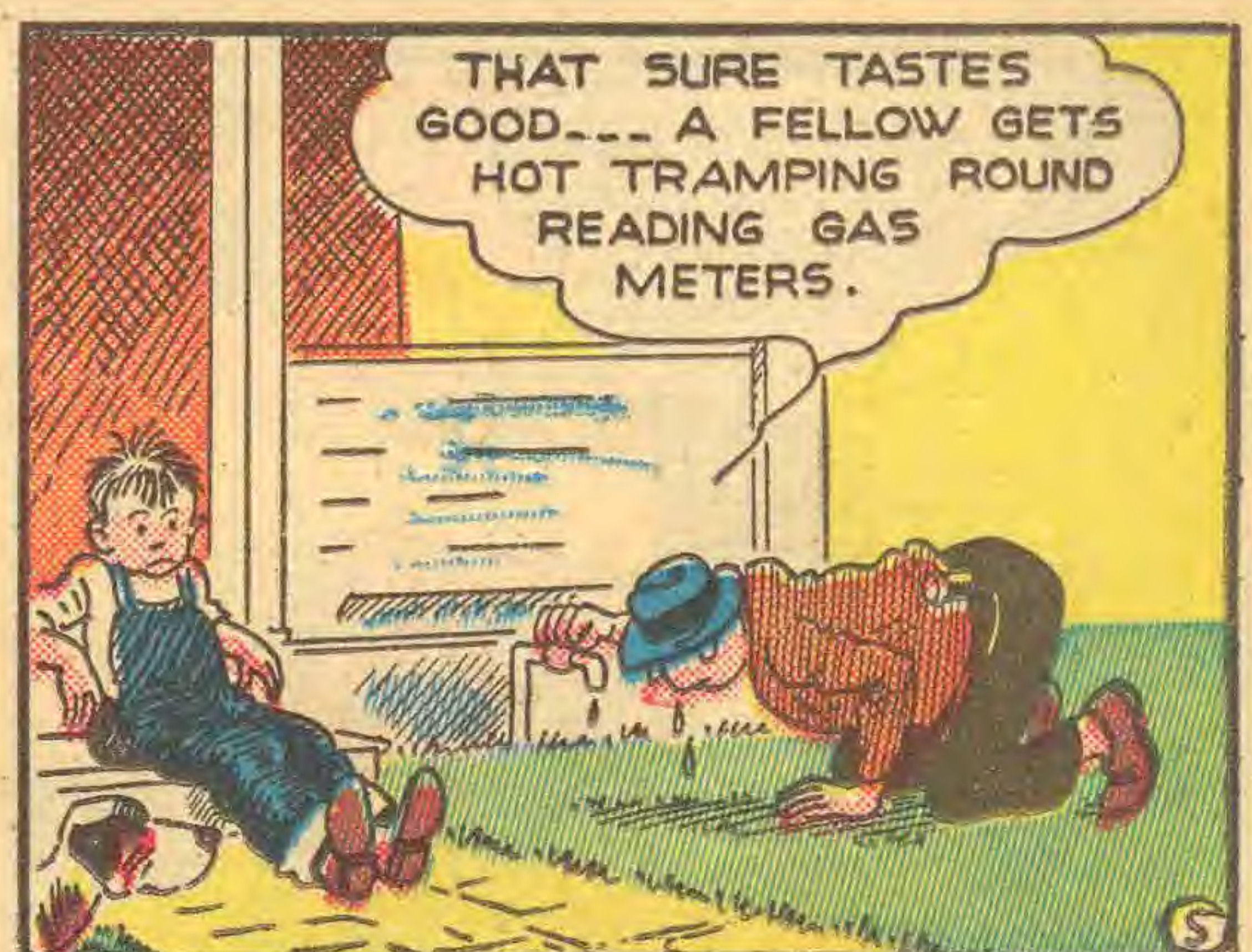
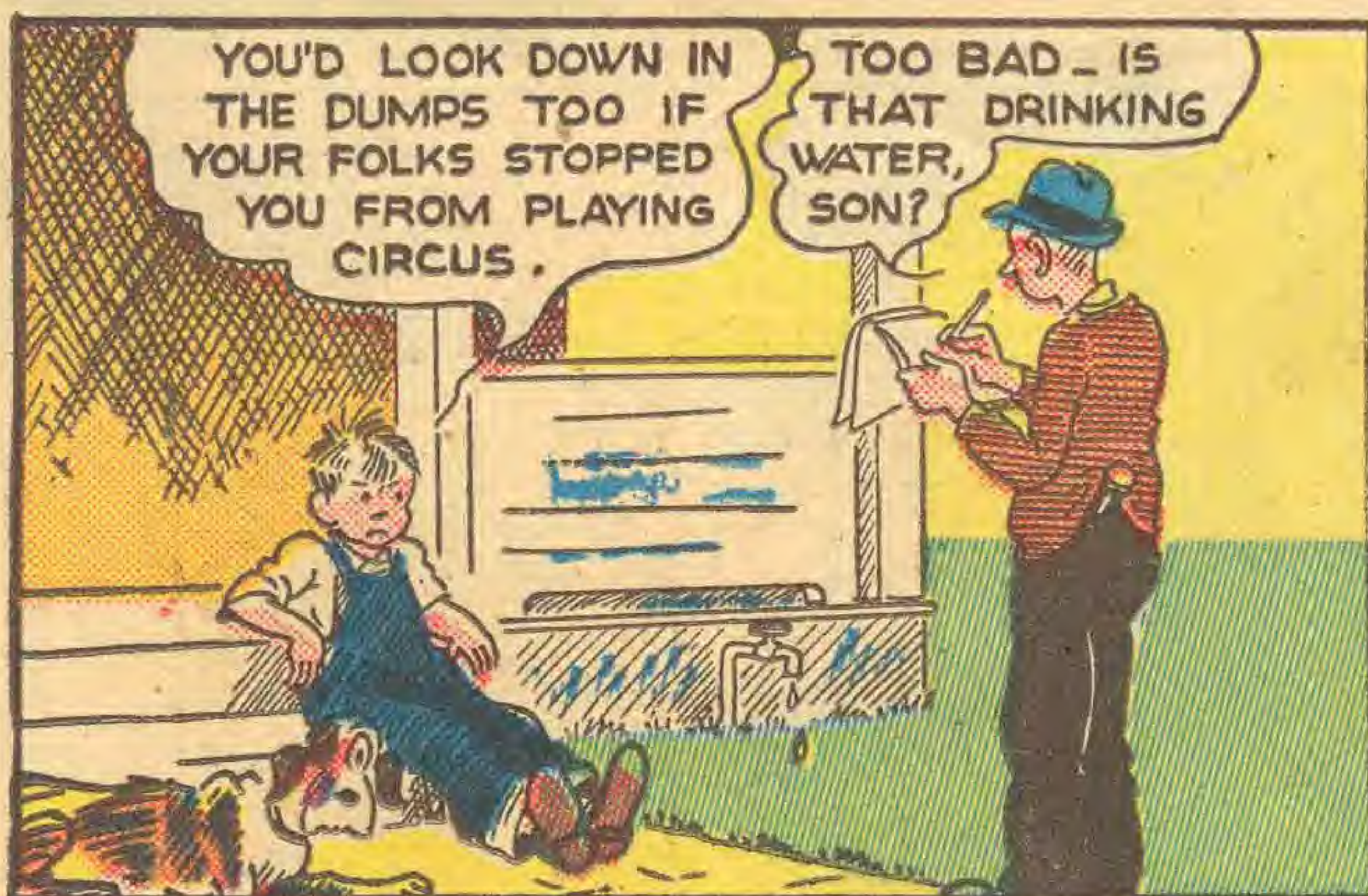
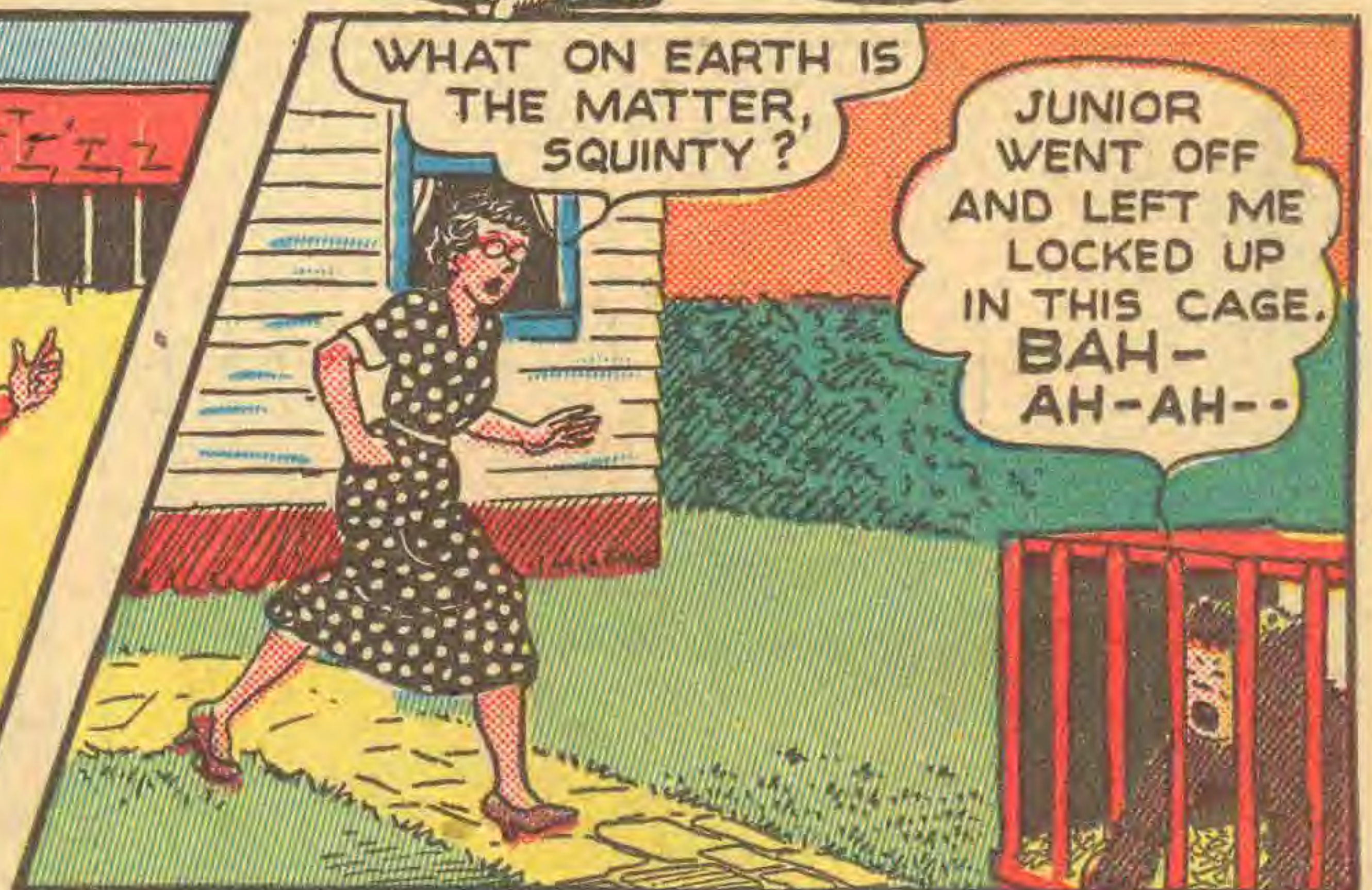
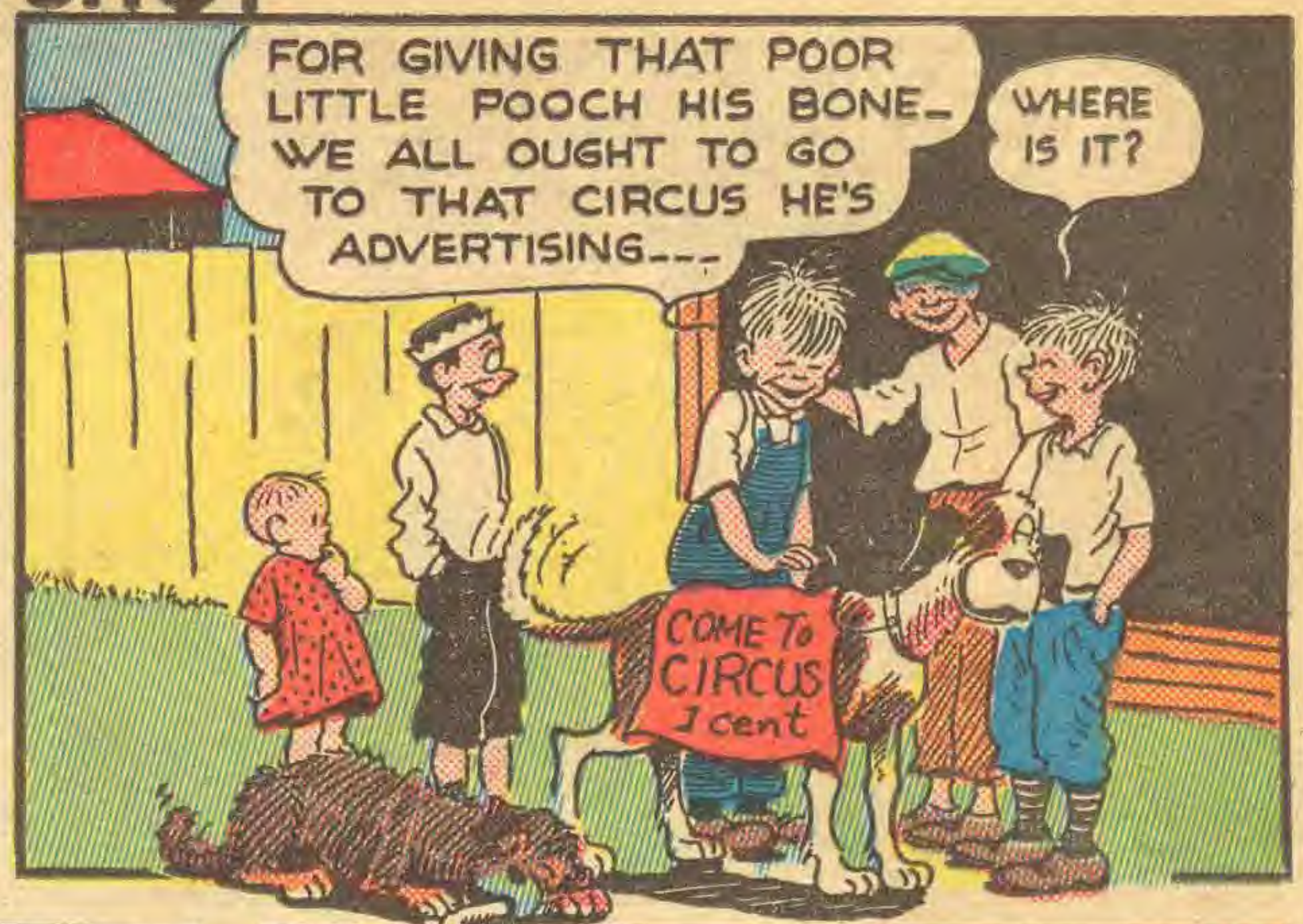
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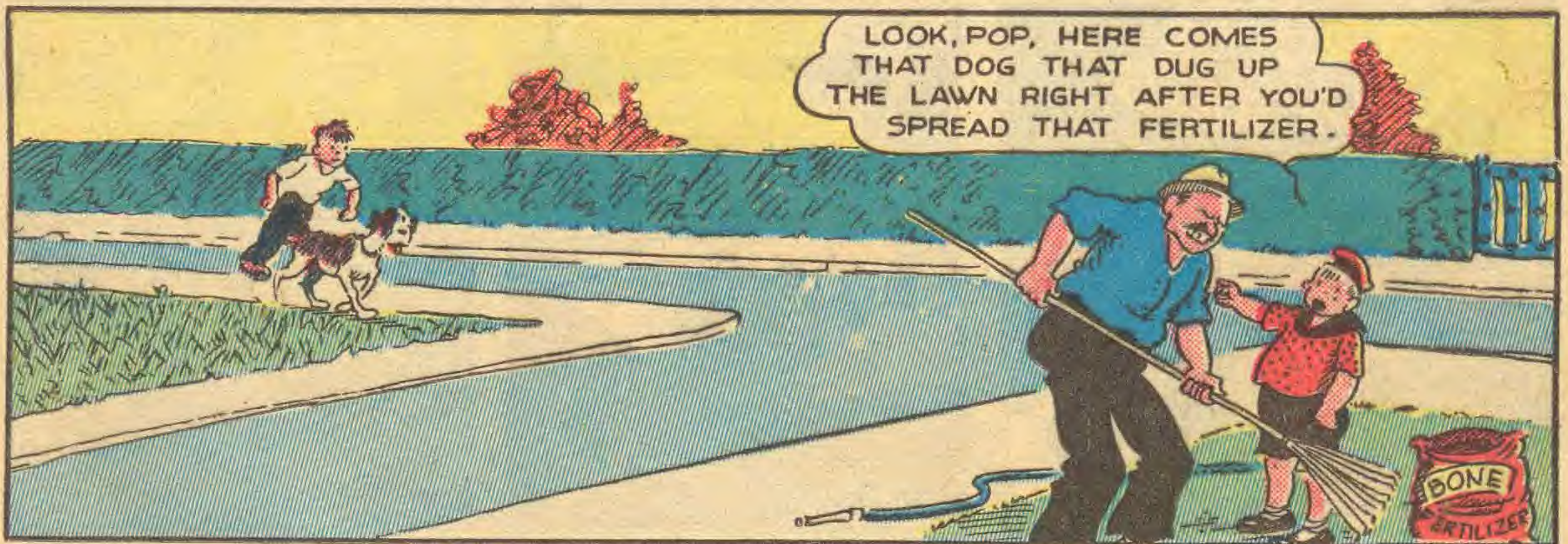
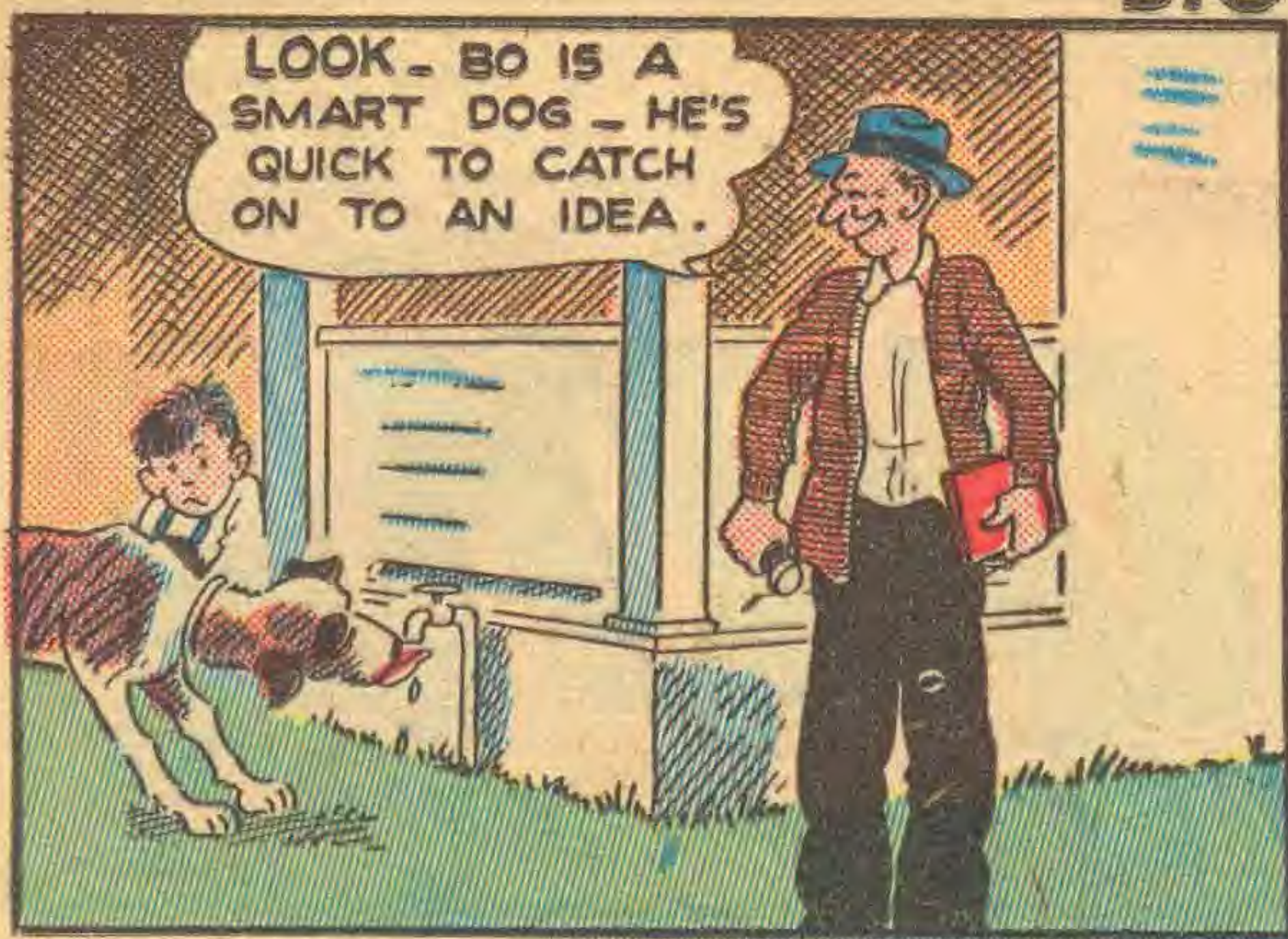
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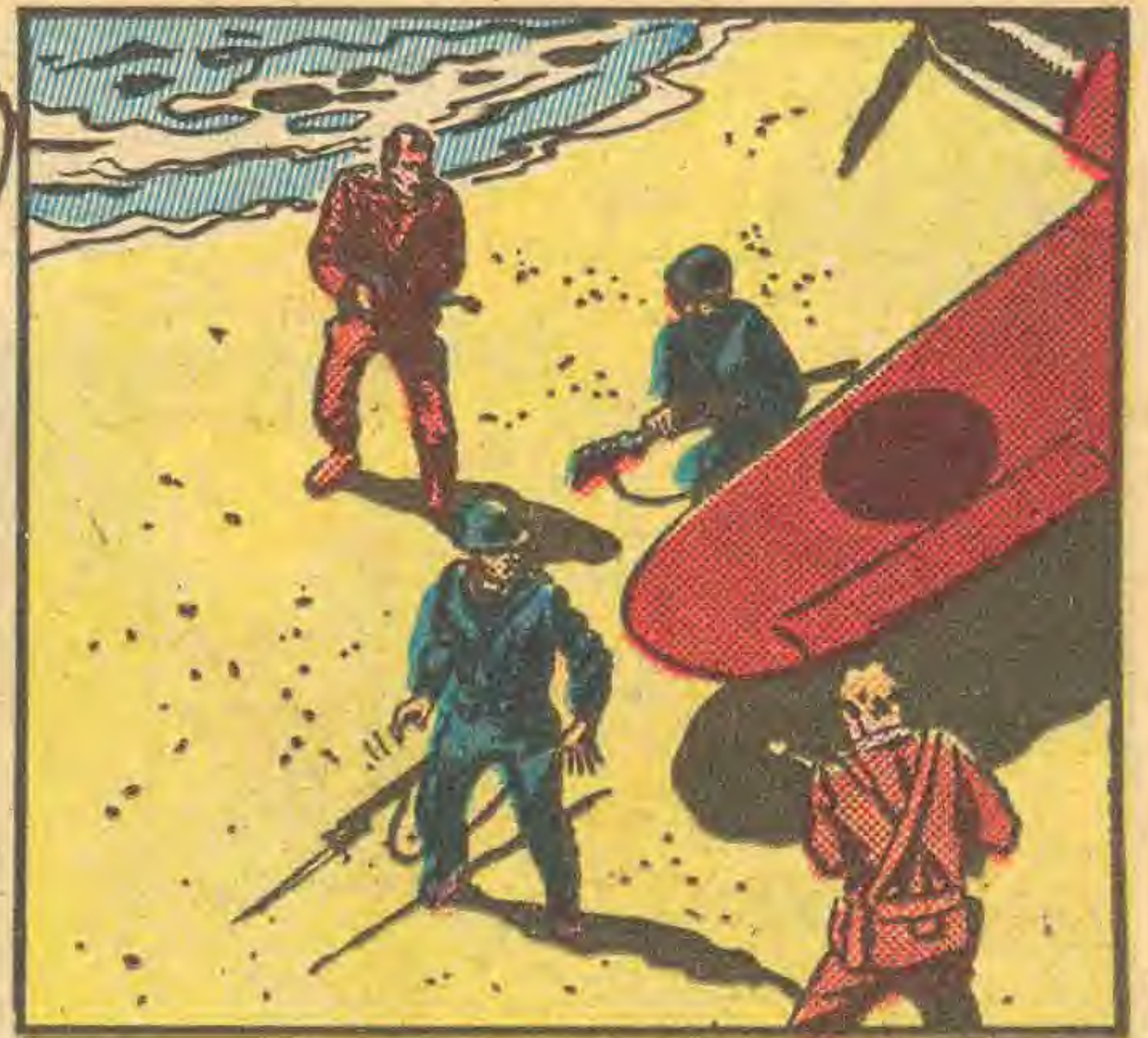


MORE
OF
BO
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE!

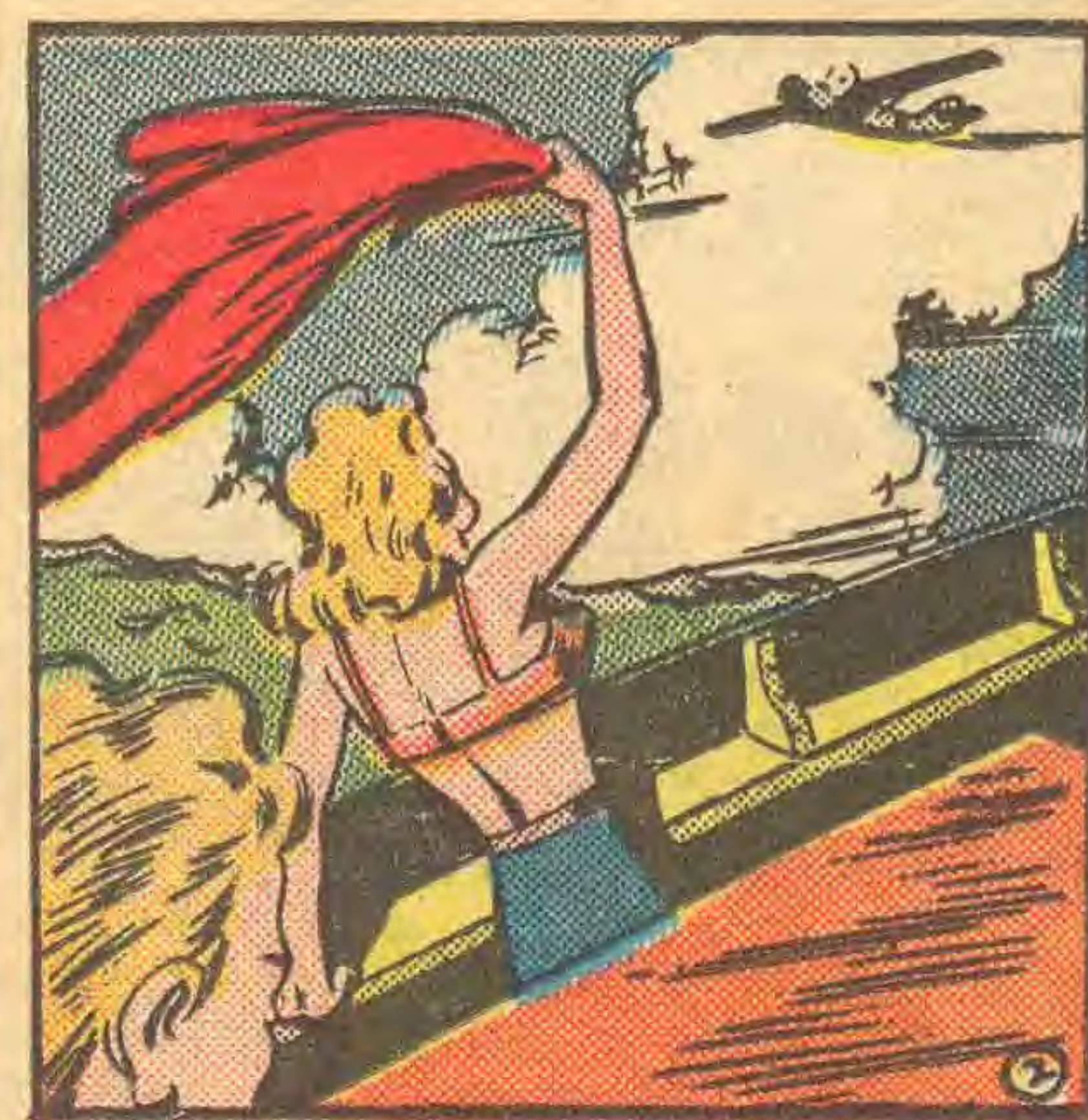
CAPT. YANK

By FRANK TINSLEY

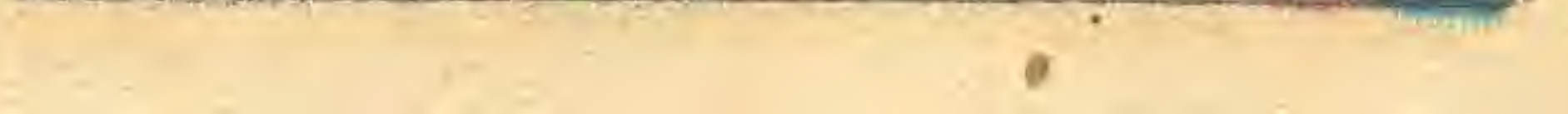
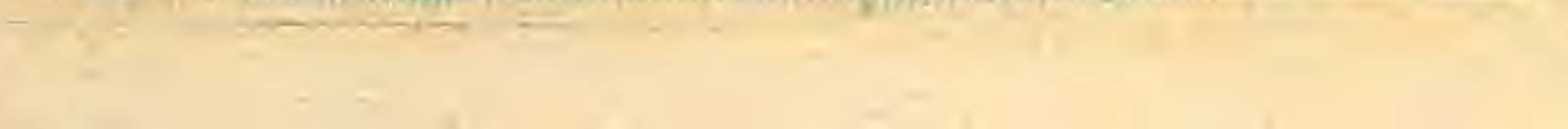
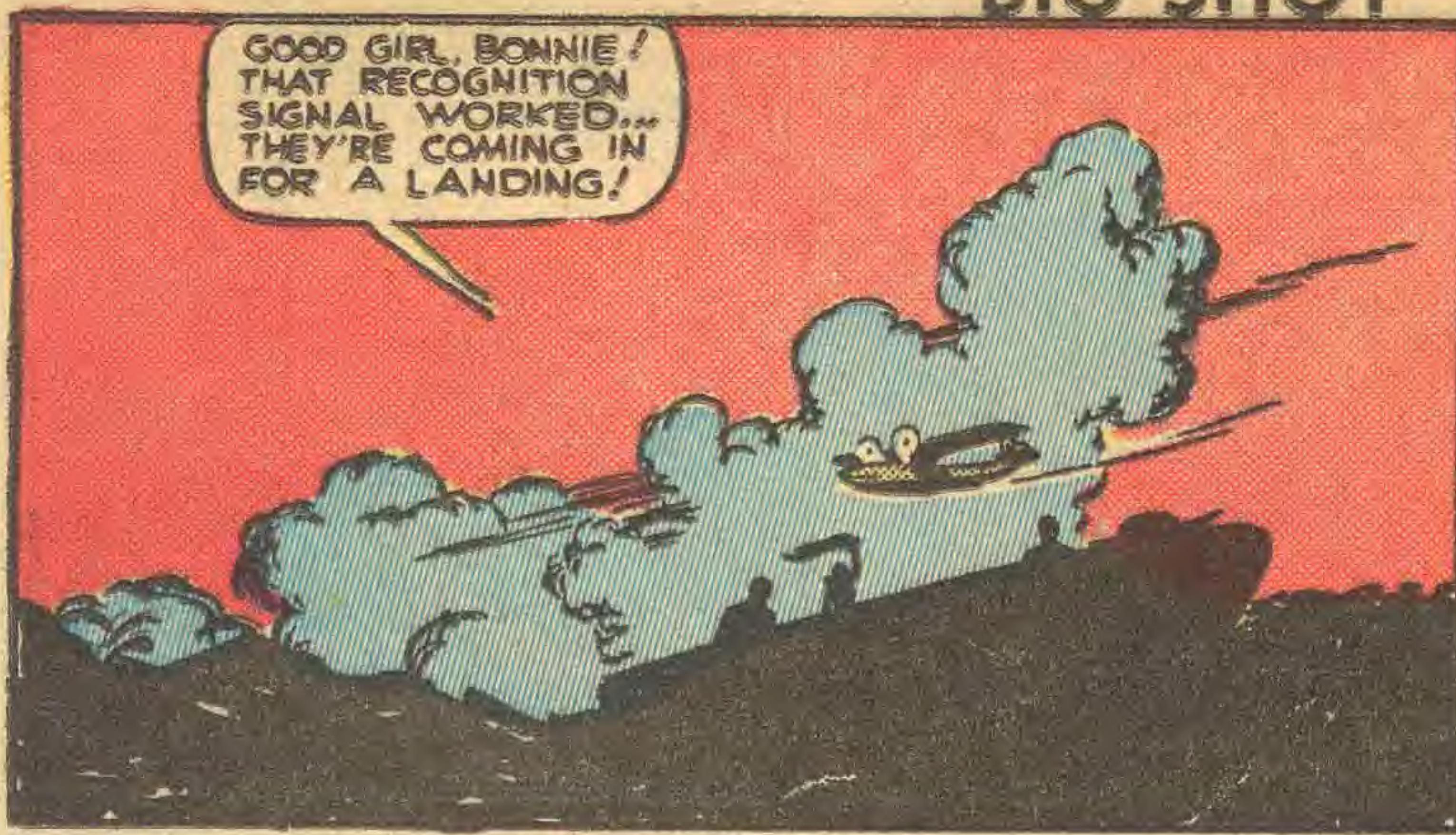
**CAPTAIN YANK
BONNIE AND
HACKER HAVE
SUCCEEDED IN
ELUDING BARON
KURSU AND HIS
MEN AND ARE
HEADING FOR
THE BEACH...**



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

WHO THE DEUCE IS DR. LIN?

AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME, YANK, HE'S JUST ABOUT THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THE WORLD TO YOUR OLD UNCLE SAMUEL!

WE'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF THAT HE HOLDS THE KEY TO ONE OF OUR TOUGHEST WAR PRODUCTION PROBLEMS... **SYNTHETIC RUBBER!**

ACCORDING TO CONFIDENTIAL REPORTS, LIN'S STUMBLERD ON AN ENTIRELY NEW PROCESS — ONE THAT IS FAST AND REQUIRES ALMOST NO MACHINERY!

AND HE'S IN JAP TERRITORY... **WOW!**

NOW YOU CAN SEE WHY IT'S SO IMPORTANT FOR US TO GET HOLD OF THIS DR. LIN!

WHY, HIS FORMULA CAN PUT AMERICA BACK ON WHEELS WITHIN A YEAR!

BUT WHAT IF THE JAPS GET IT FIRST?

DR. LIN HAS PLEDGED HIS LIFE NEVER TO GIVE IT TO THEM... THAT FORMULA IS SAFELY LOCKED IN HIS BRAIN!

OF COURSE, THOSE NIPS WOULDN'T HESITATE AT TORTURE TO GET IT OUT OF HIM — BUT LUCKILY, THE OLD DOC GAVE 'EM THE SLIP!

YOU MEAN LIN IS HIDING OUT IN OCCUPIED TERRITORY?

RIGHT! — AND **WE** KNOW WHERE! ONE OF OUR AGENTS RADIOED US THE EXACT LOCATION!

SAY — THIS GETS BETTER EVERY MINUTE! WHAT'S YOUR NEXT MOVE?

OUR AGENT WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNEW WHERE DR. LIN IS HIDING... UNTIL **WE** GOT HIS WIRELESS!

THEN THE AGENT IS WITH LIN?

HE **WAS**... BUT THE JAPS NABBED HIM JUST AS HE FINISHED HIS MESSAGE TO US!

DID THEY NAIL LIN, TOO?

THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO FIND OUT... IF HE'S STILL AT LARGE, WE MUST LOCATE HIM AND BRING HIM TO THE U.S.

SHANGHAI TO AMERICA — **WOW!**

MORE NEXT ISSUE

By STRIEBEL
AND
MCEVOY

DIXIE DUGAN



MA DUGANS
OLD BEAU DRAWS
HIS VISIT TO A
CLOSE MUCH TO
PA'S RELIEF...



CAN'T YOU
STAY JUST
A LITTLE
LONGER?

WHY NOT
FINISH
THE WEEK
END
WITH US?

I'D LOVE
TO BUT
I'VE GOT
TO BE
THOUSANDS
OF MILES
FROM HERE BY
MONDAY!



WE'LL TAKE
YOU TO
THE
STATION,
MR.
SHIPLEY

OH
PLEASE
DON'T!
I CAN
CALL A
CAB!

NONSENSE!
I'LL TAKE
YOU —
GLADLY!
I'M DRIVING
DIXIE TO
WORK
ANYWAY!



WELL —
GOODBYE,
GEORGE!
AND — AND
THANK YOU
FOR BEING
SO SWEET!

THANK YOU, MY
DEAR, FOR YOUR
GENEROUS
HOSPITALITY!



AND WHILE THE
DUGANS SEE
GEORGE OFF
WE FIND
MR. BRUDWAY,
DIXIE'S BOSS,
IN THE MIDDLE
OF A TERRIFIC
BRAINSTORM

!!!

I TELL YOU IT'S A
COLOSSAL IDEA,
MICKEY! WHAT
ADVENTURE!
WHAT THRILLS!
AND INCIDENTALLY,
WHAT A STORY!

OF COURSE IT'LL BE
UP TO DIXIE TO DECIDE,
MR. BRUDWAY! SHE'LL
BE HERE ANY MINUTE
NOW!



DIXIE! COME IN!
COME IN! WE'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU

HERE!
GIVE ME
YOUR HAT
AND COAT!

GOLLY!
WHAT'S
ALL THE
EXCITEMENT?



MR. BRUDWAY
HAS AN
IDEA!

REALLY?

YEP —
IT
CAME TO
ME IN THE
MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT!



BIG SHOT

I COULDN'T GET TO SLEEP—WONDERING WHAT I'D WRITE ABOUT NEXT. I GOT OUT OF BED AND WENT TO THE WINDOW—THERE BEFORE ME WAS A BIG TREE IN THE FRONT YARD—

HMMMM—A SONG WAS WRITTEN AROUND A TREE—THERE MUST BE A GOOD STORY THERE! YEAH! A NOVEL—A PLAY—OR A MOVIE SCENARIO—OR SOMETHING!

HA-HA-HA!! YOU MEAN YOU WANT US TO RESEARCH A TREE?—ANY SPECIAL KIND OF TREE?

WAIT—WAIT! I'M NOT BEING FUNNY—LET ME FINISH BEFORE YOU START LAUGHING—

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO RESEARCH ONE TREE, BUT MILLIONS OF TREES—

TRILLIONS!

OH—I UNDERSTAND—

—YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE SOMETHING LIKE 'GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW'—

NO—NO—NO! THAT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE! —MY BUT YOU'RE IN A KIDDING MOOD THIS MORNING, DIXIE—

(GIGGLE)

I'M SORRY! I'M JUST SO FULL OF SPRING I'M POPPING! I FEEL ELEGANT—SAW SO MANY CUTE SPRING CLOTHES I WANT TO GET—GOLLY~(SIGH)~

NOW THAT THAT'S OUT OF MY SYSTEM—WHERE ARE YOU SENDING US?

ON AN EXPEDITION—

—INTO A DENSE VIRGIN FOREST!

HUH? FOREST?!

(AHEM) WERE YOU CONTEMPLATING SOME BEAUTIFUL SPRING CLOTHES, DIXIE?

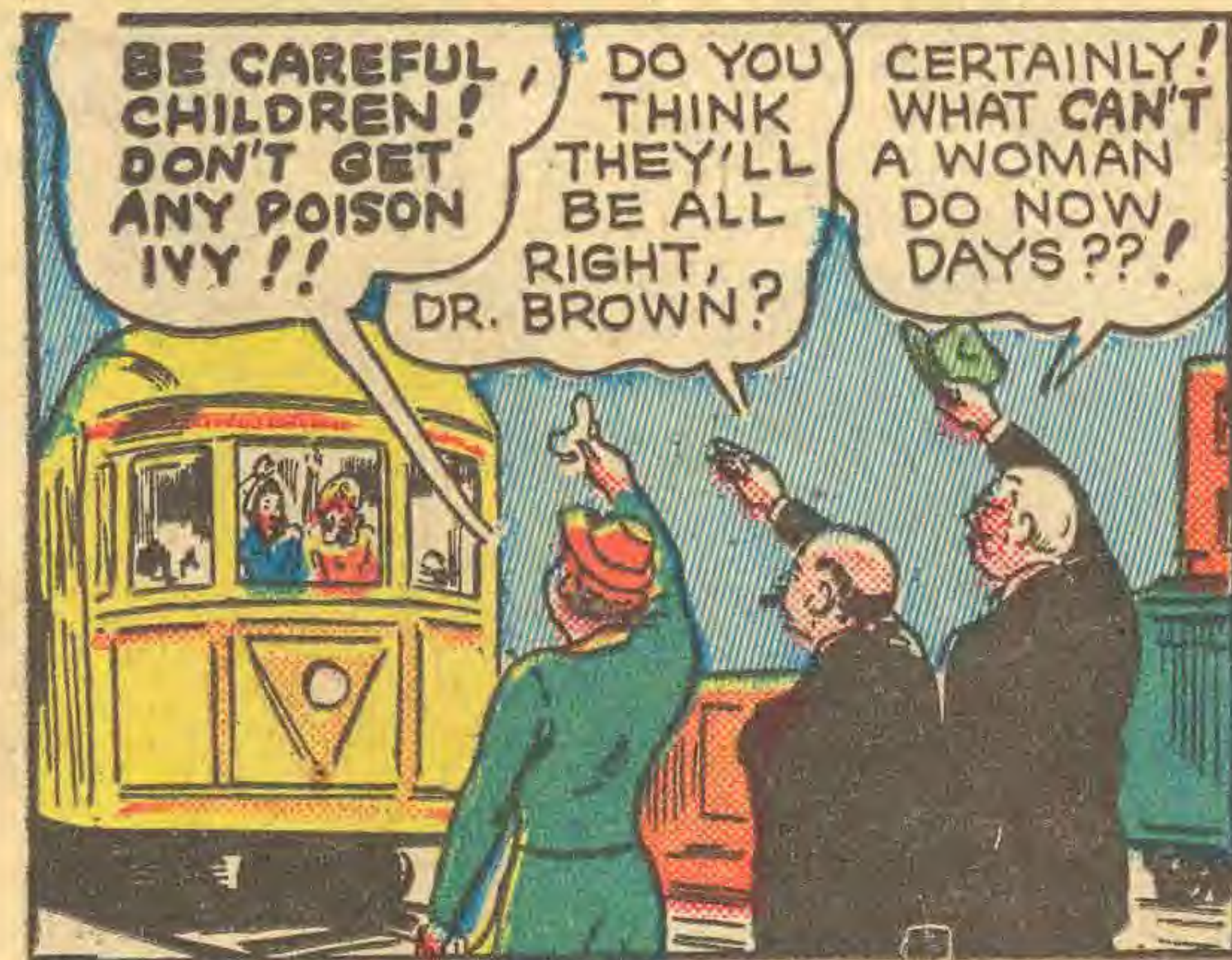
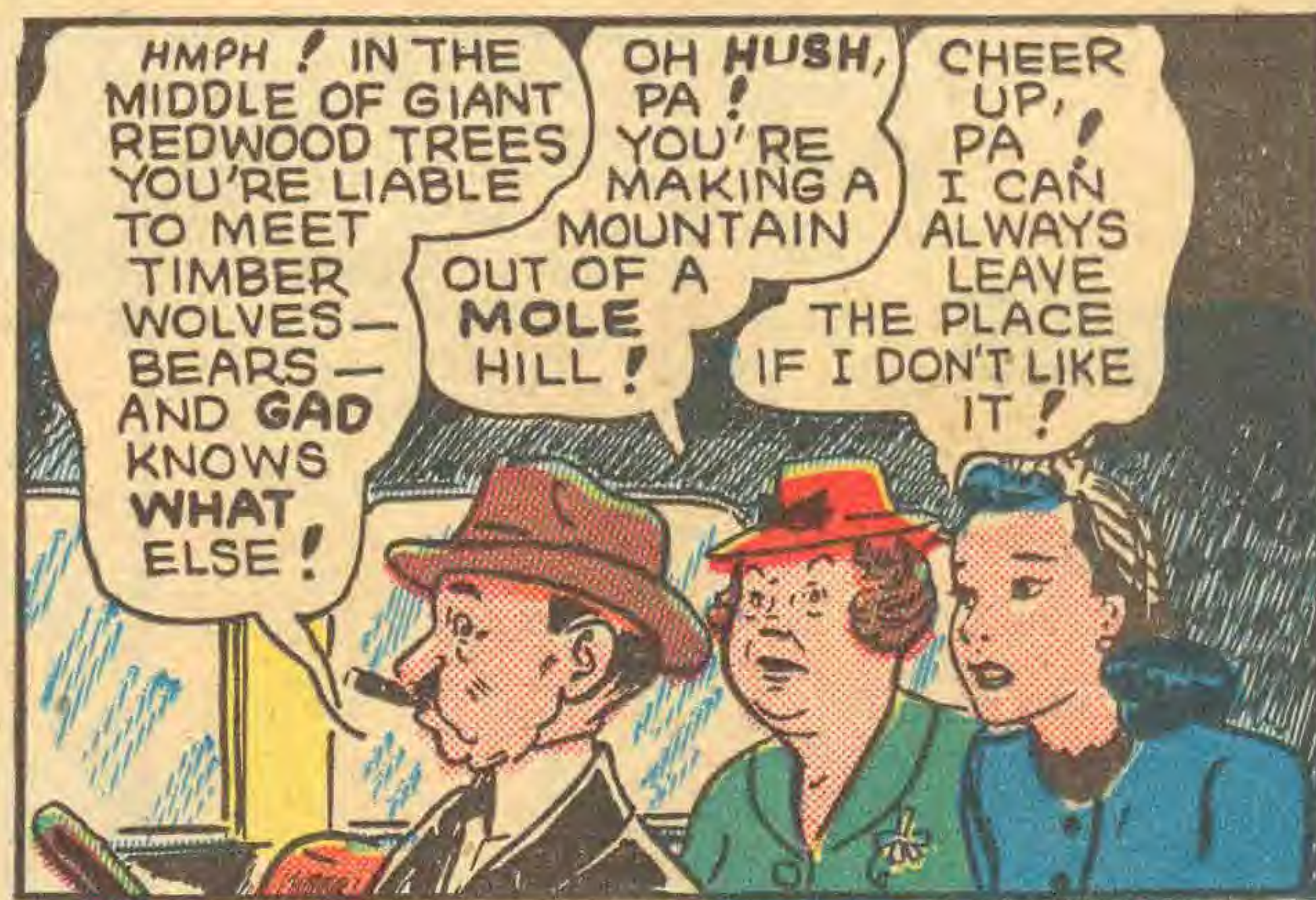
YOU'LL TRAVEL BY RAIL TO THIS LITTLE VILLAGE—

THE NORTHWEST WOODS! GOLLY! TREES ARE BIG THERE!

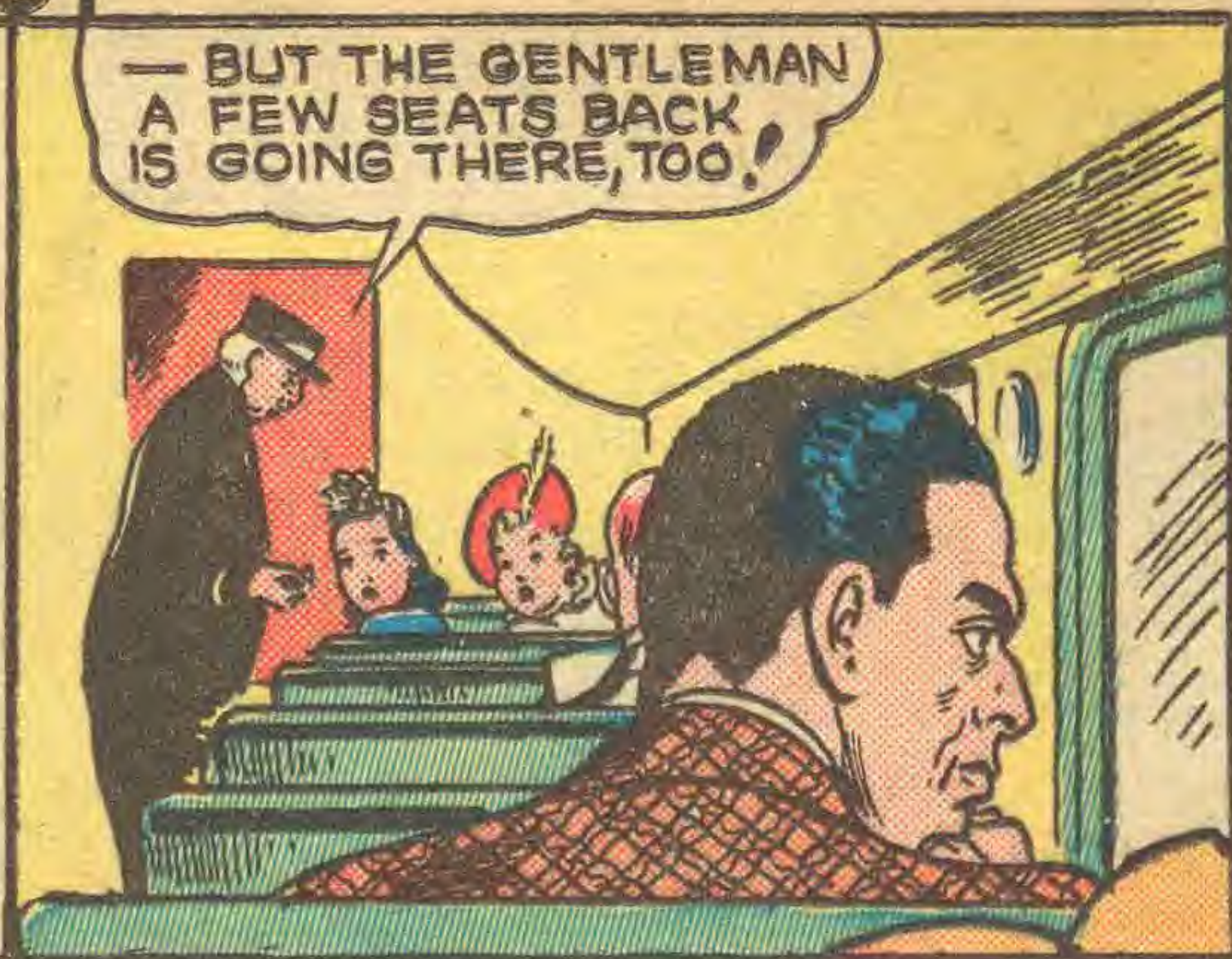
YEAH! 'TH' BIGGER THE TREE—'TH' BIGGER THE STORY WE'LL GET!

YOU'LL BE MET BY MR. I.C. WOOD, AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE. HE'S A KINDLY OLD FELLOW AND LIVES ALONE ON THE EDGE OF THE GREAT FOREST HE OWNS—

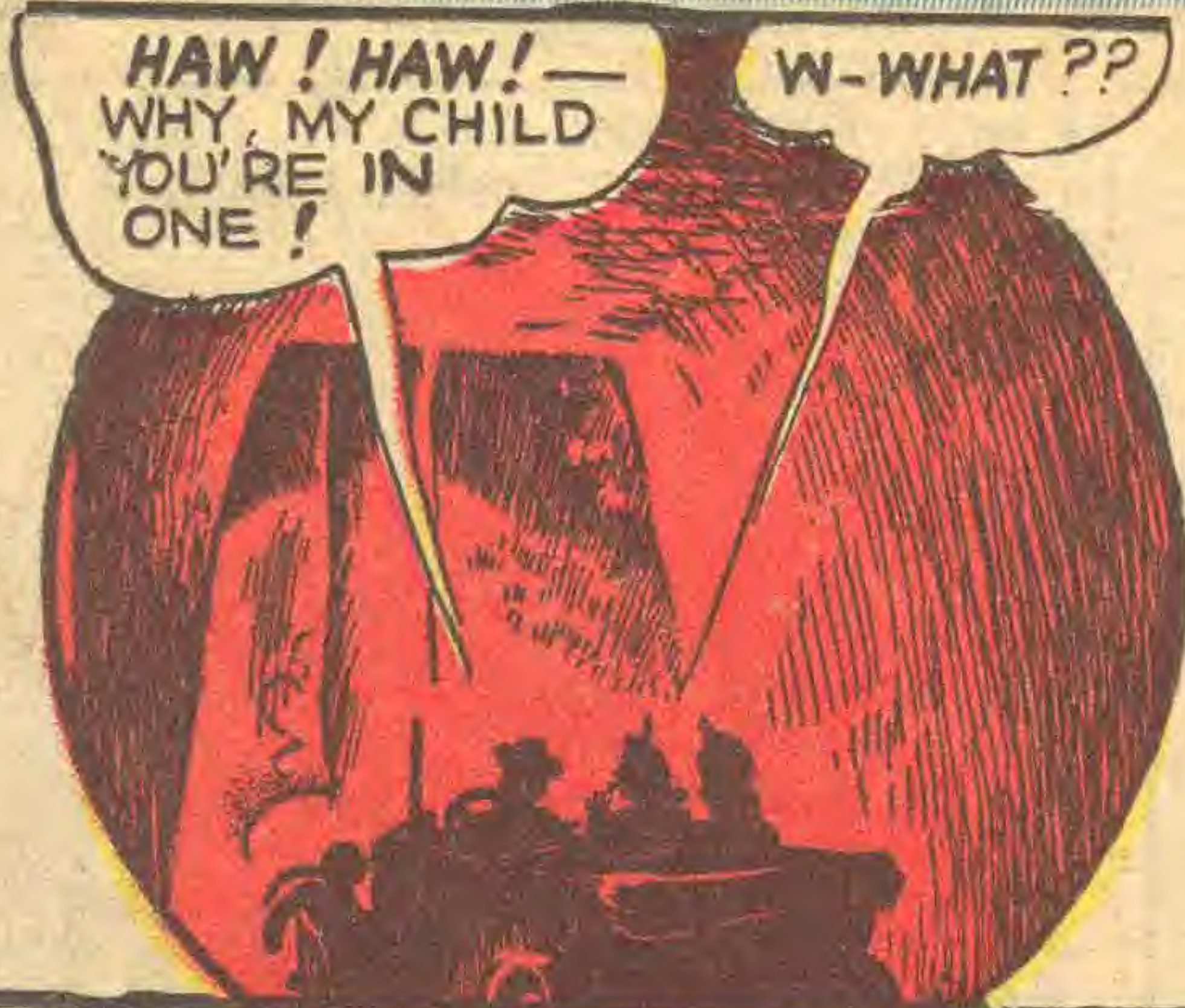
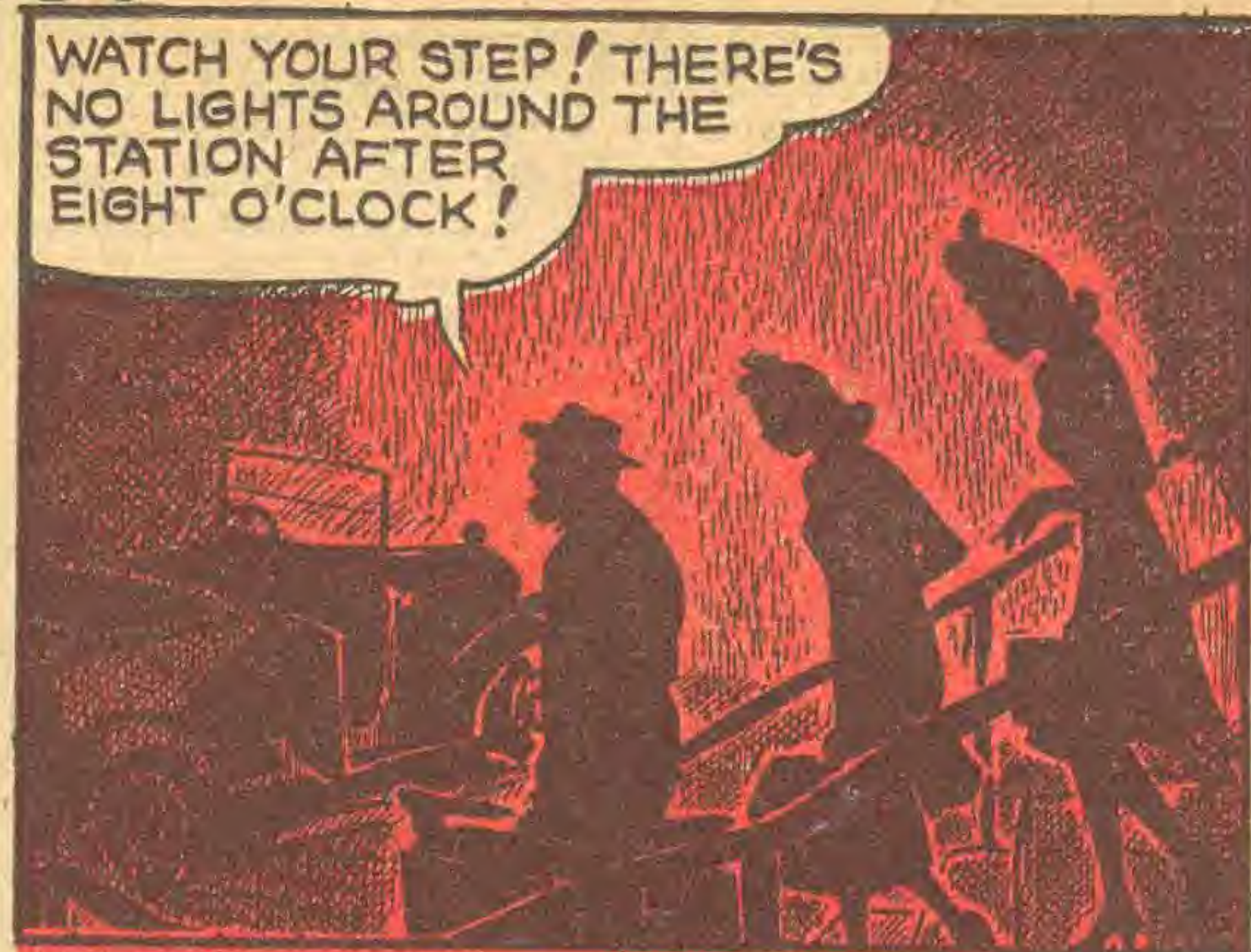
BIG SHOT



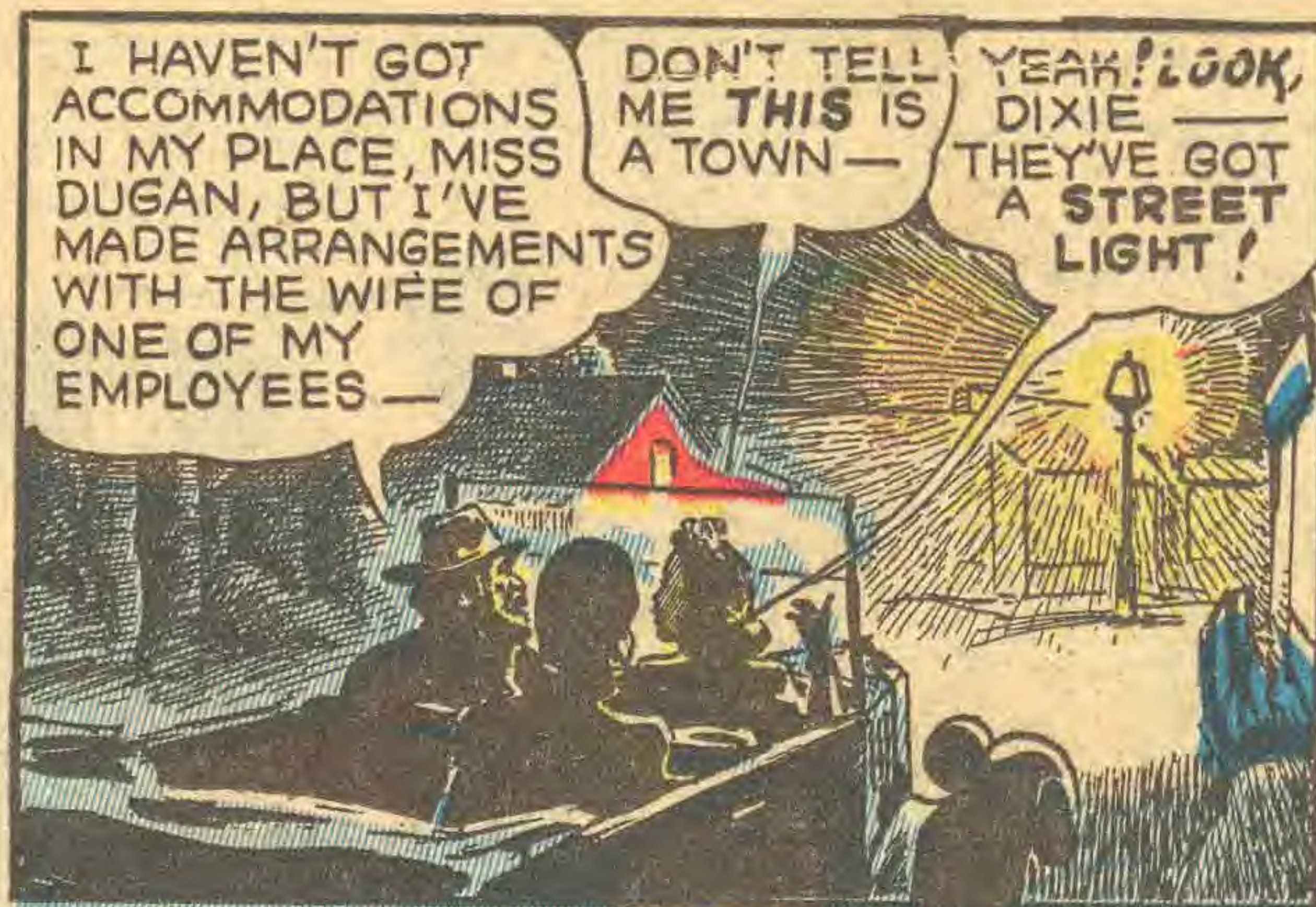
BIG SHOT



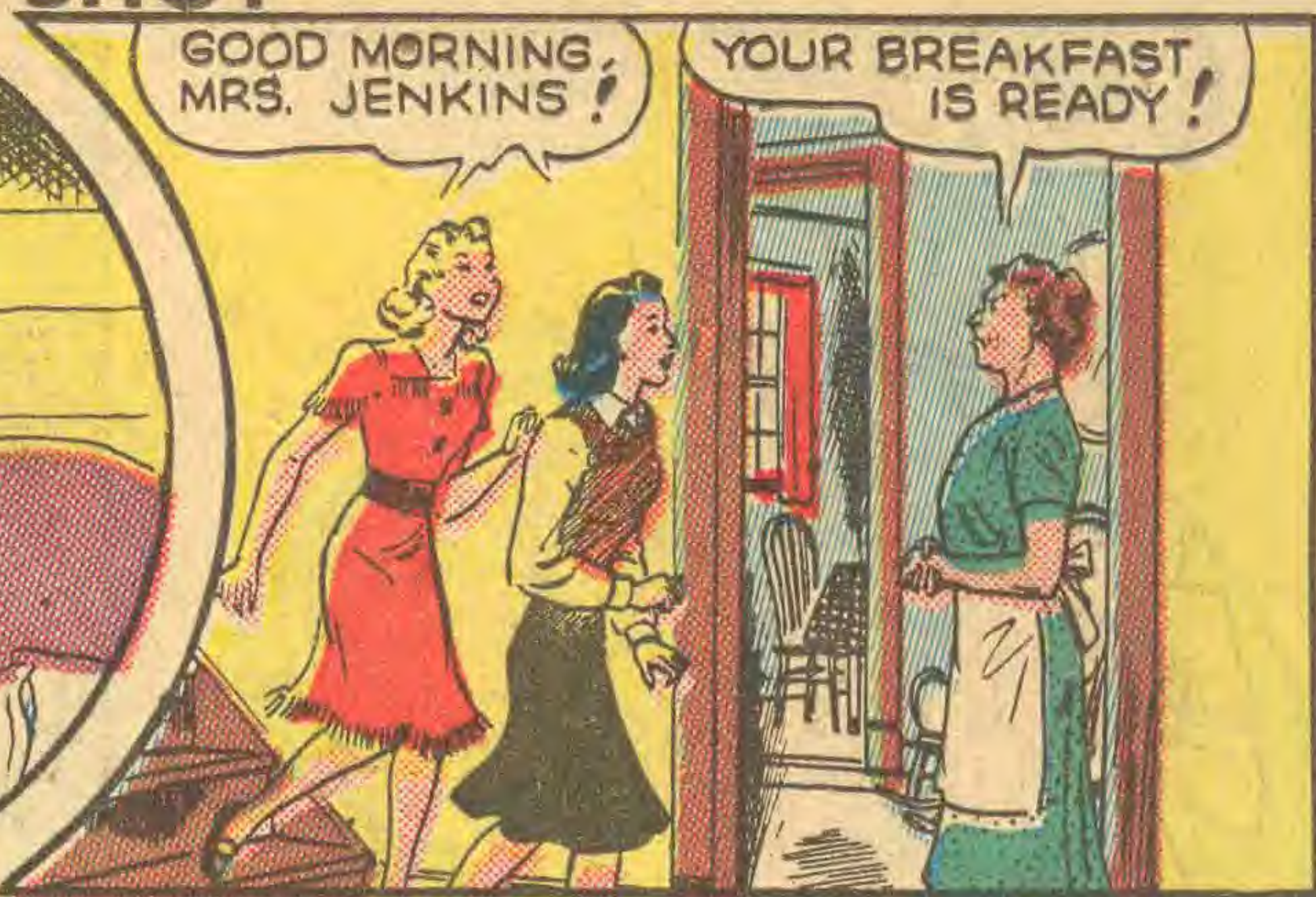
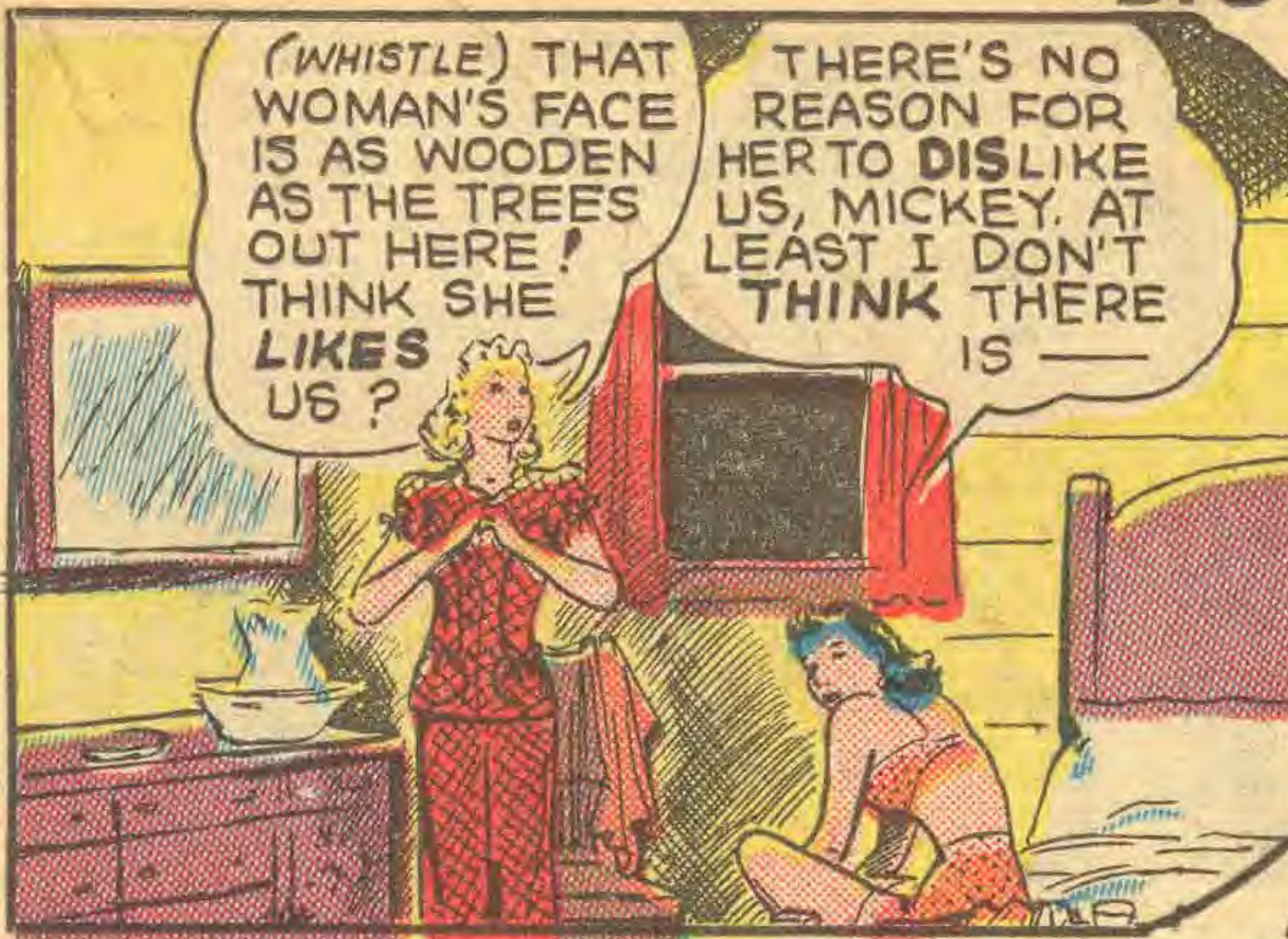
BIG SHOT



YES, DIXIE, THE TREES ARE SO LARGE ROADS ARE BUILT RIGHT THROUGH THEM!!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



SKYMAN

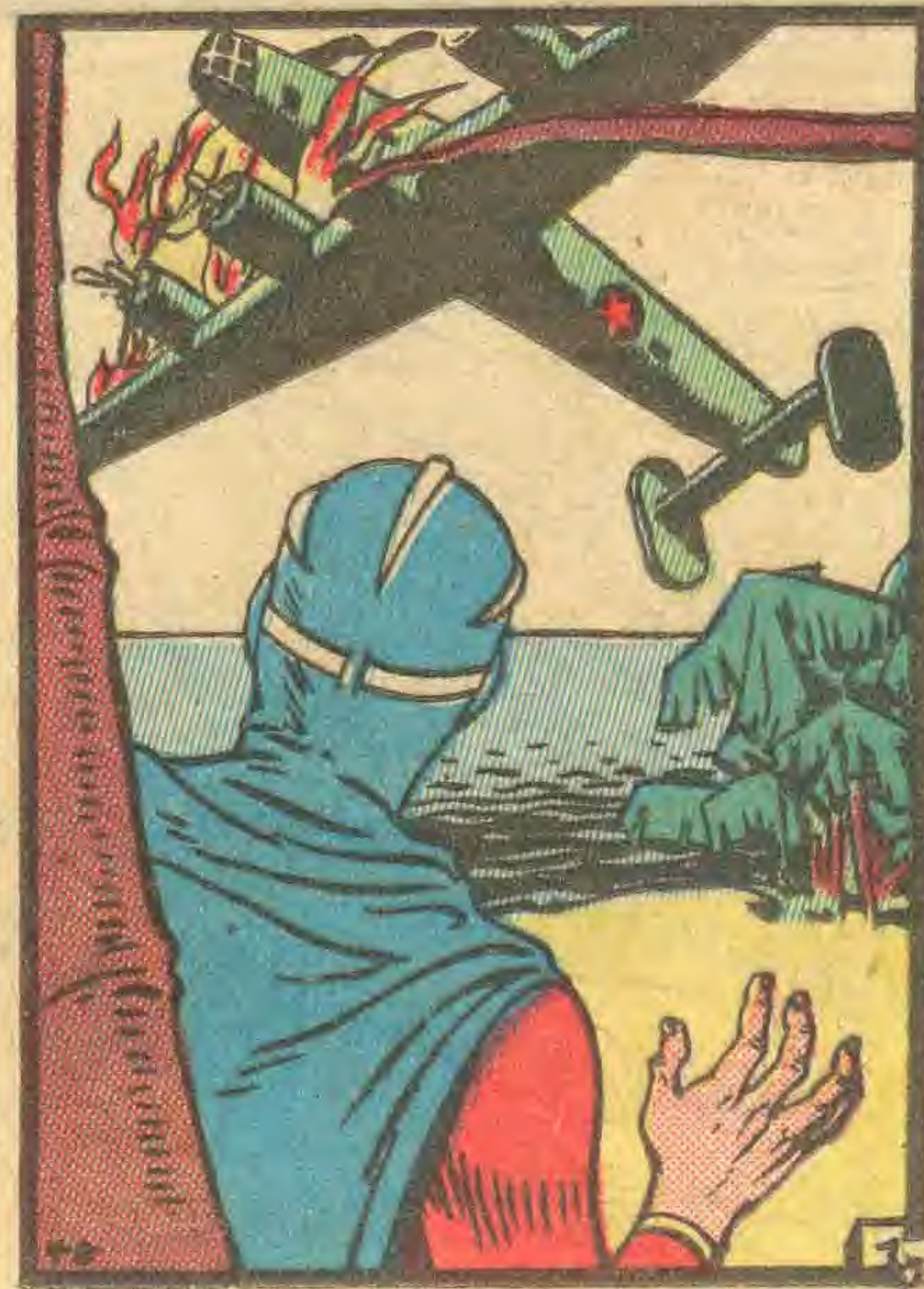


AS U.S. AIR POWER BEGINS TO HAMMER THE JAPS INTO OBLIVION, AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO --**THE SKYMAN**--FINDS A WILD ADVENTURE IN THE HEART OF NIPPON'S CRUMBLING EMPIRE! IT BEGINS WHEN THE SWIFT STRIKING SKYMAN ATTACKS A JAPANESE WEATHER STATION AND SUB BASE, IN THE FAR PACIFIC ..!

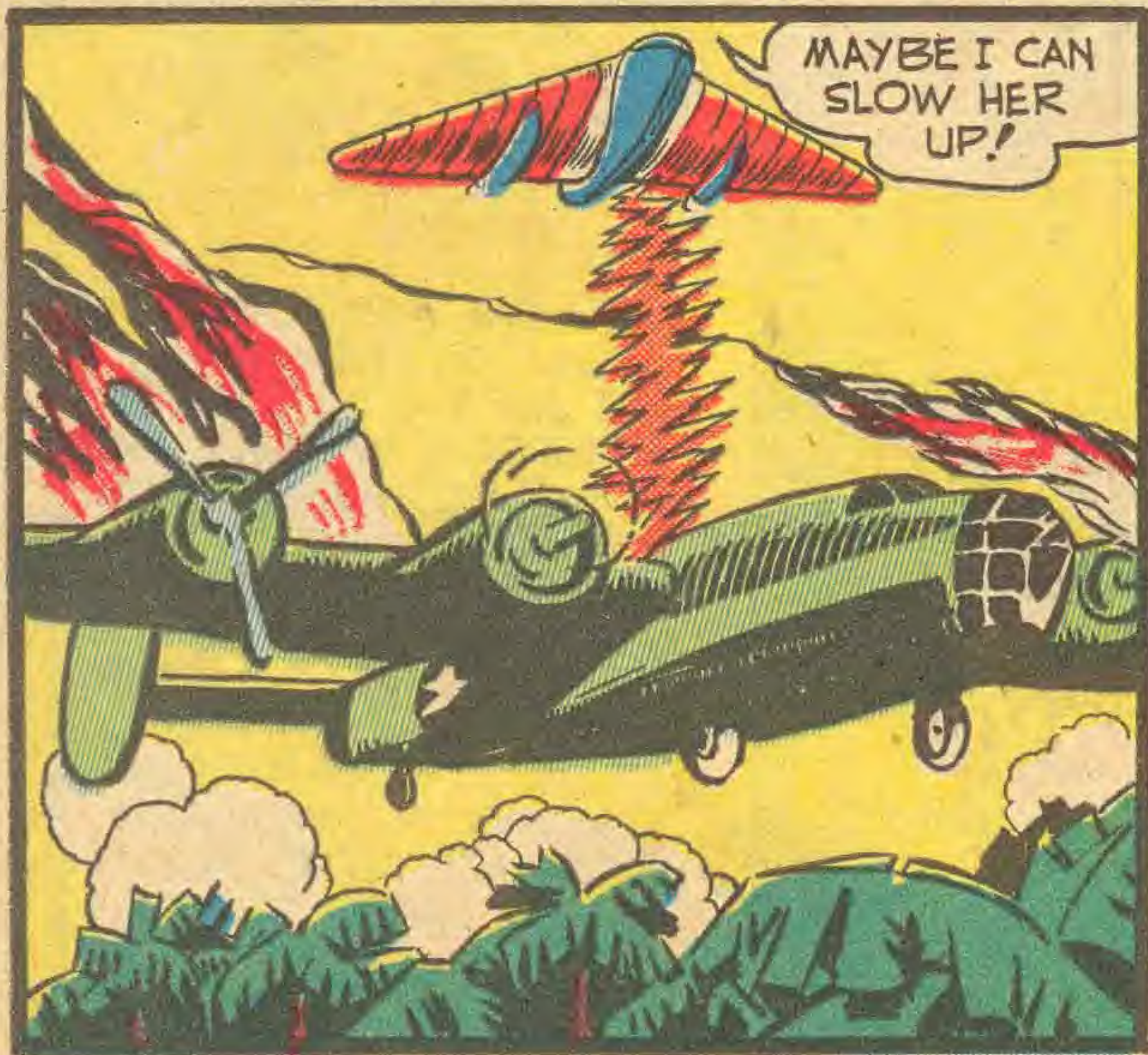
WELL, I GUESS THIS WEATHER STATION WON'T BE OF MUCH USE TO TOJO'S TERMITES FROM NOW ON!



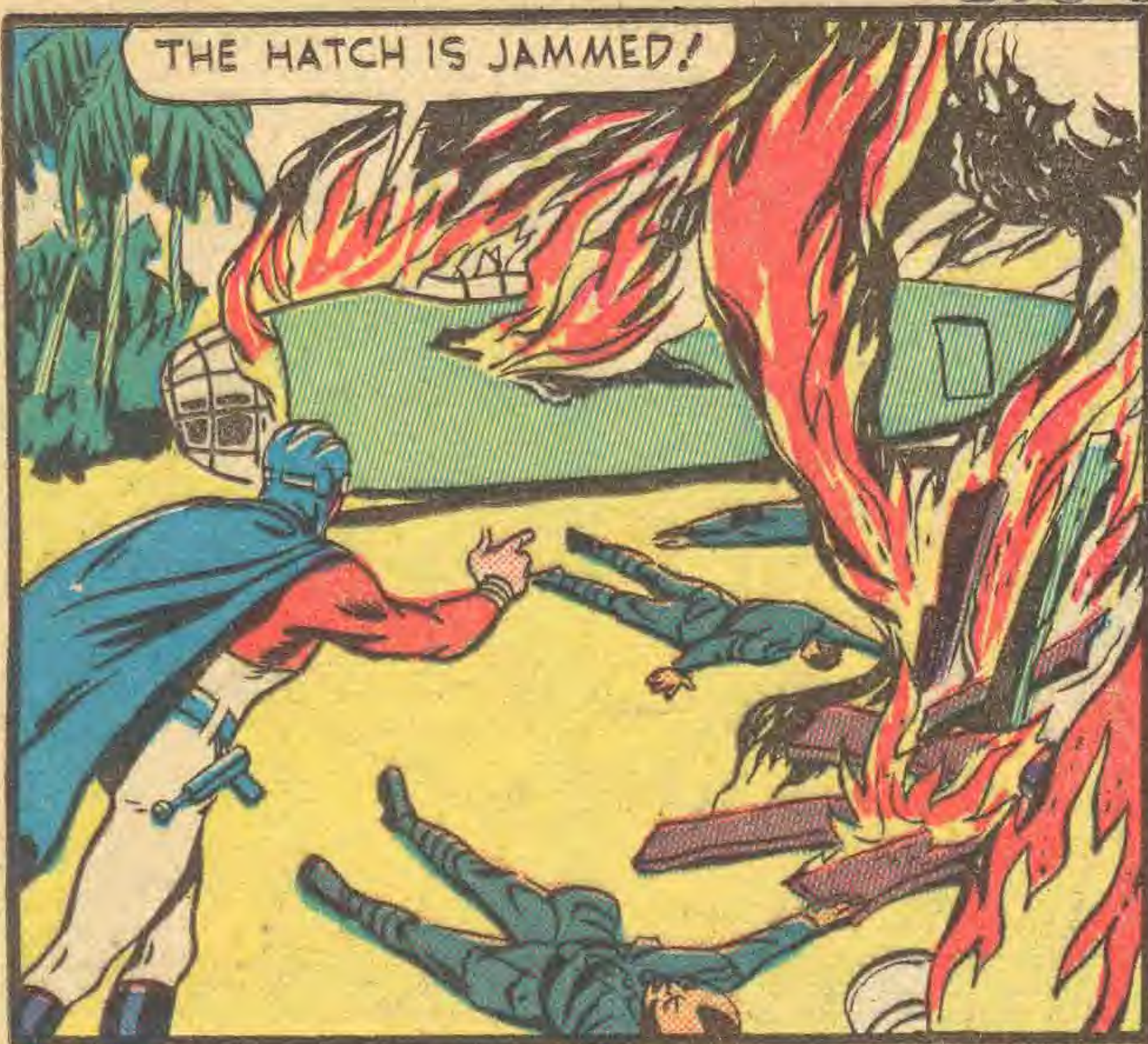
MOTORS! A LIBERATOR BOMBER---AND IN TROUBLE!



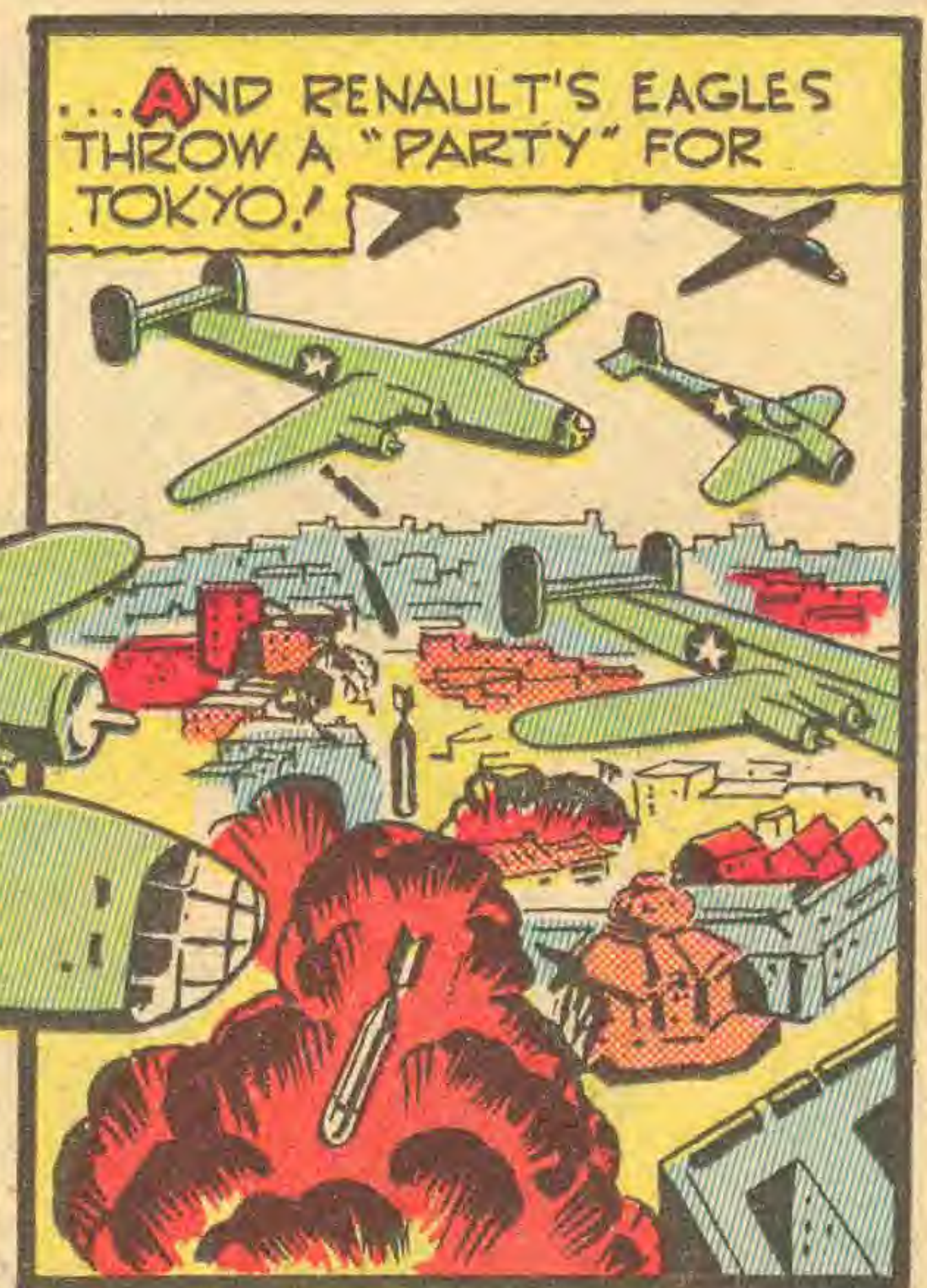
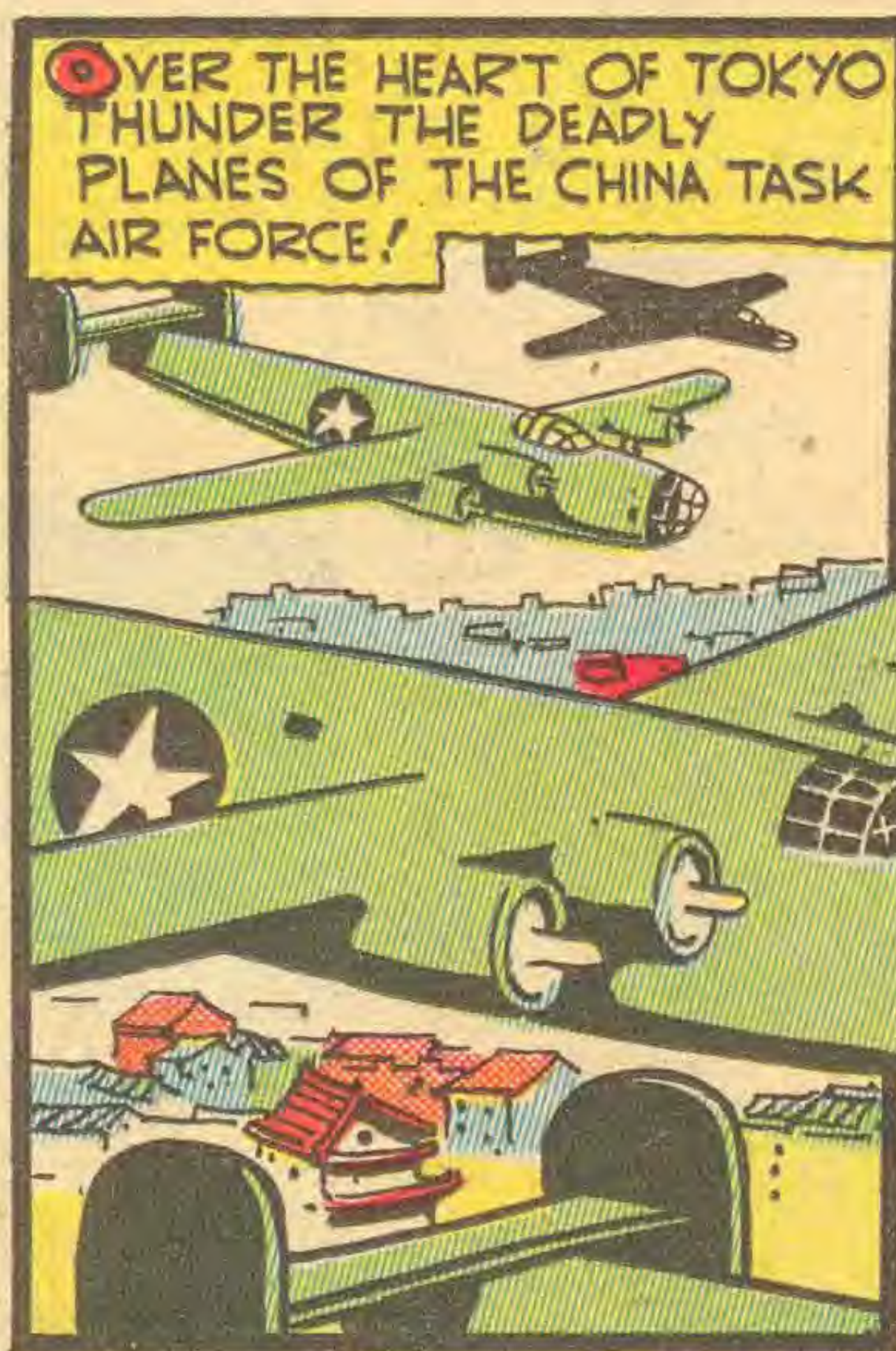
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



WE MIGHT MAKE IT!



IMAGINE RUNNING INTO YOU LIKE THIS!



LUCKY FOR US, THE WHOLE BUILDING DIDN'T COLLAPSE ON US!

YES, AND ONCE WE GET OUR HANDS FREE MAYBE WE'LL HAVE EVEN BETTER LUCK!



THAT SAYS "AIR RAID SHELTER!"

WELL THE RAID'S STILL ON, SO MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO THERE!



THE RAID MUST HAVE CAUGHT THEM NAPPING! DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE DOWN HERE!

LISTEN, VOICES!



INSIDE THE AIR RAID SHELTER ---

WHEN THIS ACCURSED RAID IS OVER, WE WILL STRIKE A BLOW OF OUR OWN!

YOUR BOMBERS ARE READY?

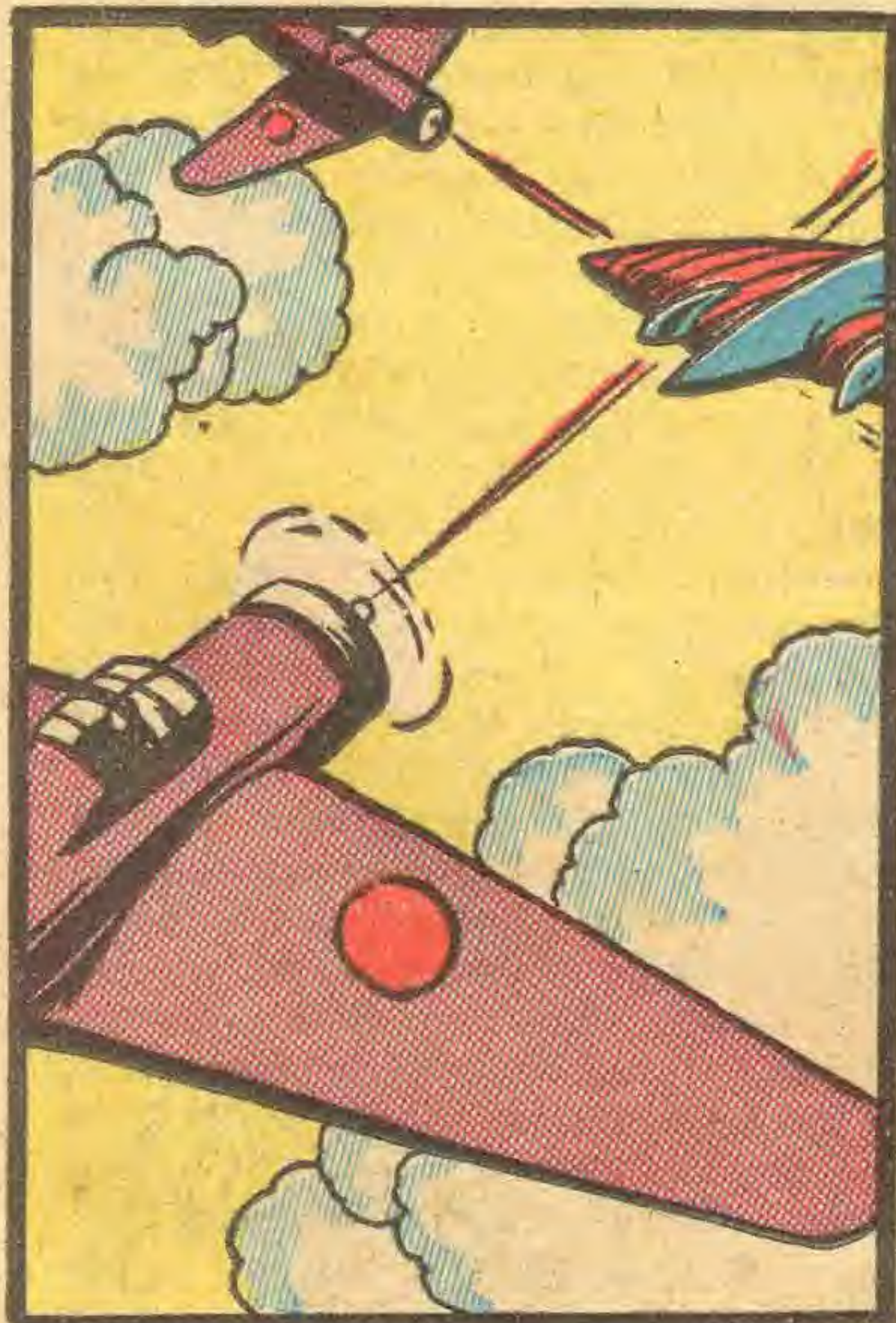
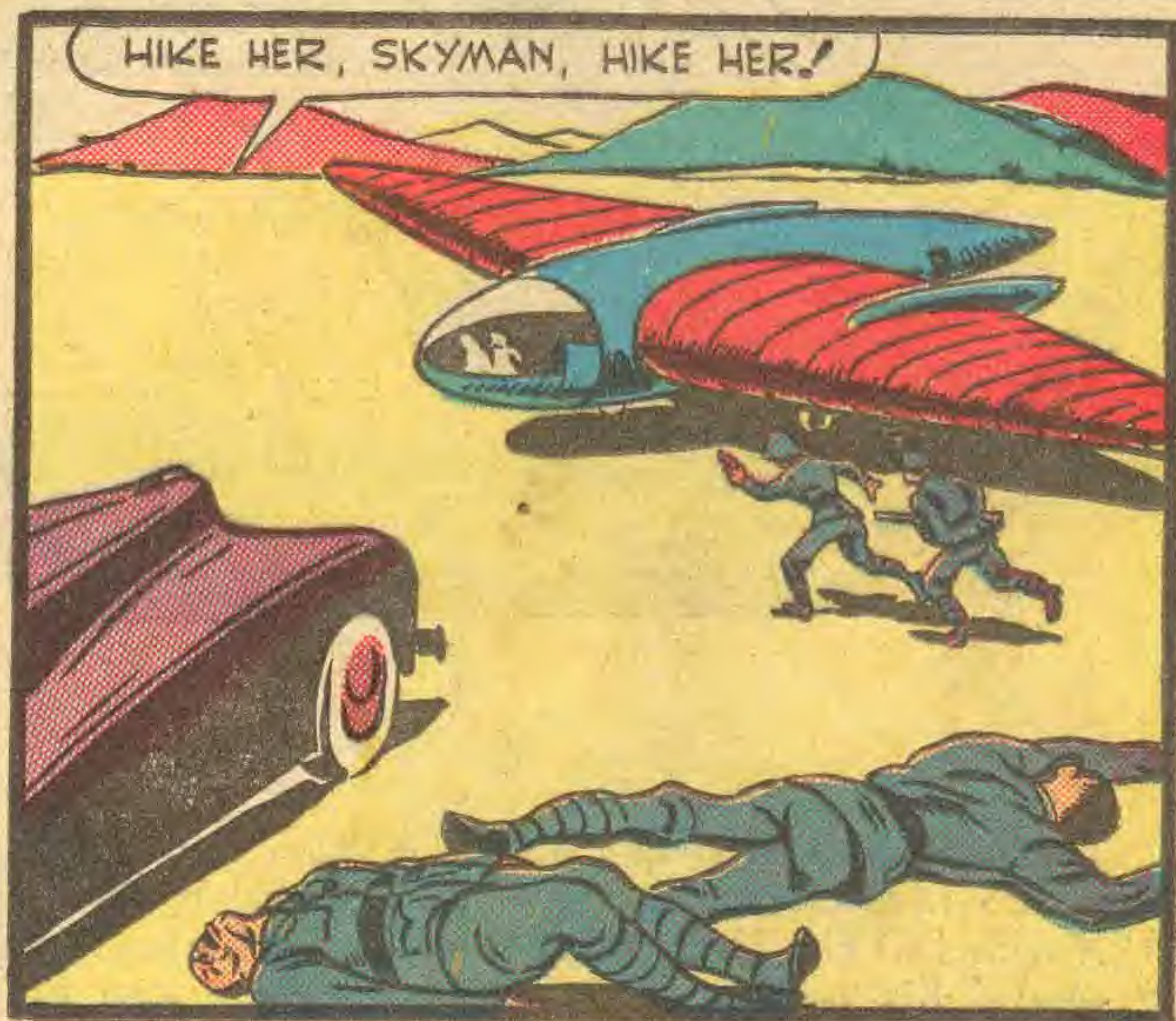


THE FIRST WAVE ON THE MAINLAND IS ALREADY TAKING OFF! HUNDREDS MORE WILL FOLLOW-- AND WE SHALL BLAST OUR ENEMY'S FIGHTING CENTER, **CHUNKING**, OFF THE FACE OF THE MAP!

BIG SHOT

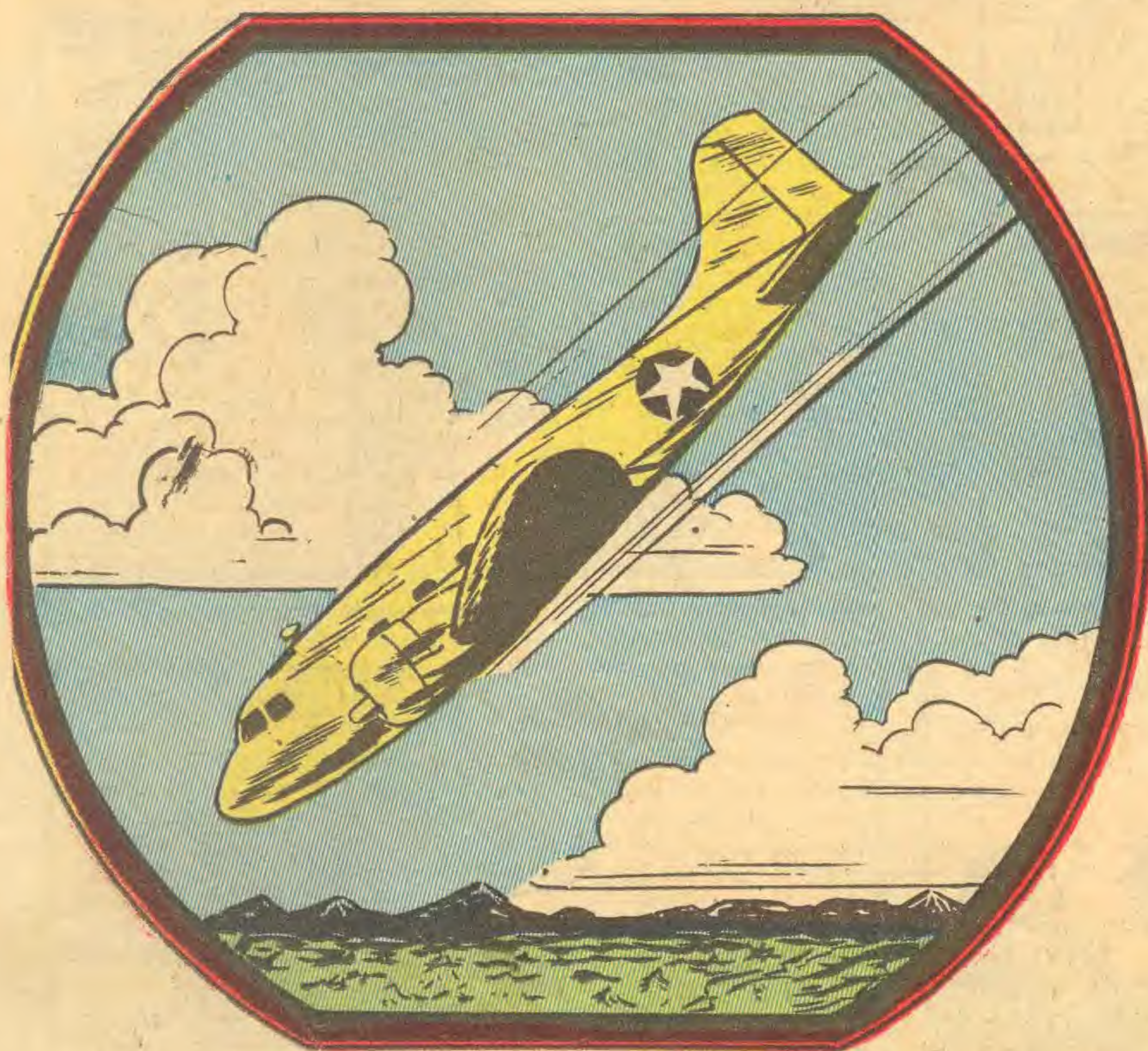


BIG SHOT



END

BIG SHOT "ADOLF, YOU'RE SLIPPING!"



The certainty of death before a Nazi firing squad at sunrise is by no means conducive to a peaceful night's sleep. Lt. Dick Harkins of the U. S. Air Forces found himself in such a position—and his reason for remaining awake can be readily appreciated by the most ardent of slumberers.

THE NIGHT AIR was clear and warm. The silvery, summer moon, looking for all the world like a huge balloon, floated lazily over the French rooftops and bathed the courtyard outside with its cold, unreal light. It flooded through the barred window of the Nazi prison and painted a geometric design on the rough, stone floor.

Lt. Harkins rested his chin in a cupped hand and gazed meditatively across the courtyard at the heavily armed figure of a German soldier.

They certainly weren't taking any chances with him escaping—in addition to a .45 pistol and a rifle, the guard had a murderous sub-machine gun propped handily on top an old wine barrel. Out of sight around the corner of the building the Nazis had placed other guards. Dick Harkins could see their shadows in the moonlight, pacing back and forth with mechanical precision.

He smiled wryly and thought of his bleak and decidedly short future. He had been tried and condemned to death less than three hours ago. Strangely enough, the thought of facing a grim firing squad didn't unnerve as greatly as he imagined it might. Perhaps he had become callous to suffering and death—he had certainly seen enough of it during the bitter engagements of the past few months. Then, too, the hazardous and electrifying life of a combat pilot in the Air Forces inevitably de-

veloped a fatalistic attitude. You lived from second to second and accepted all that life could give you without complaint.

Still he did regret the fact that he would no longer be able to further assist in the conquering of the ruthless Nazi hordes. And all because a burst of ack-ack crippled his motor on one of those large scale bombing expeditions. Skill and a goodly amount of sheer luck enabled him to ground his shattered plane on the rolling hills, of northeastern France. The Nazis pounced on him with savage glee and escorted him none too gently to the headquarters of the German commanding officer. The hearing lasted a bare five minutes, resulting in the death sentence contemptuously pronounced.

A large rat, scurrying across the floor, interrupted his meditations. He gripped the iron window bars and wished that he could change himself into the size of a rat—just long enough to squeeze through the bars and into the free night air.

Once again he raised his eyes and peered across the courtyard. And suddenly his attention was focused, not on the heavily armed guard, but on the nebulous outline of somebody or something that had moved in the deep shadows to the right of the Nazi soldier. As Dick continued to gaze, the indistinct bulk shifted its position—drawing closer to the stiff-necked German guard.

It might be an animal of some kind—a mongrel dog, perhaps. But instinctively Dick knew otherwise, a peculiar sixth-sense informed him that the shadowy figure was a human being. Who could it be?—What were they there for and why the secrecy?

As though in answer to these questions, Dick saw the crouching figure suddenly become erect. The German soldier, facing the opposite direction, was unaware of the movement behind him. And he little realized, too, that this very minute that he stood there, living and breathing with the arrogant confidence instilled by the Nazi doctrines of hate—that these few seconds were the last he would ever spend as a mortal on this earth.

With the stealth and silence of a cat, the vaguely-outlined person moved still closer to the German guard—and now stood directly back of him. A hand, grasping a knife that gleamed momentarily in the moonlight, was raised and then plunged downward. The Nazi soldier swayed and fell forward but the shadowy figure caught him before he hit the ground. Swiftly he was dragged into the deep gloom.

Dick alone was apparently the only witness to this short, dramatic scene. There had been no noise, no disturbance—even the two other German guards, stationed around the corner of the building not fifteen yards away, had any knowledge of what had transpired. They continued to pace back and forth in their accustomed, precise manner.

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WESTERN RANGER STUDIOS, Dept. 1410, Hutchinson, Kans.

BIG SHOT

The shadowy figure arose and stole back along the side of the building. He reached the end and halted. Directly ahead of him now lay the courtyard, bathed in the white brilliance of moonlight. If he went forward he would most certainly be spotted by either of the two Nazi soldiers on the other side of the building. Dick saw by this time that the mysterious person was a man, possibly a Frenchman from his garb. And he was quite certain, too, that the man's destination couldn't be anywhere but the very room in which he, Dick Harkins, was being held captive.

BUT THE MYSTERIOUS figure didn't step into the brilliant moonlight. Instead, he lifted his arms, gave a short leap and grasped the metal rain-gutter on the edge of the roof. His agility was truly amazing; almost without effort he swung himself to the roof and gazed for a moment around the courtyard to see if he had been detected. Satisfied that all was well, he crept along the shadowy side of the roof with the stealth and sureness of a leopard.

Though himself a past master in the art of timing and precision, Dick could not help but marvel at the other's perfection. The stranger's progress along the rooftop possessed the gliding smoothness of a floating cloud. Then he disappeared from sight and Dick was aware that the unknown character was now directly above him. Suddenly a pair of legs were suspended in front of the prison window. In a split second, the man dropped and stood motionless outside.

Dick waited, his pulse beating rapidly. The other turned and spoke softly, his voice barely audible in the still night. "M'sieu, do not utter a word but listen to what I have to say. Count five stones down from the window ledge and then two over to the left!"

These instructions, at any other time, would have produced a smile

on Dick's lips. But tonight things were different, the very air seemed charged with electric intensity. Without hesitation he counted the stones and waited. "On the bottom of this seventh stone is a small cleft—place your finger in it and press down," the man ordered.

Dick felt the small opening with his forefinger and applied pressure. Suddenly a lower section of the prison wall swung inward, swiftly and noiselessly. Dick's eyes widened in amazement but he didn't hesitate a moment. He ducked low and eased himself through the opening. Now he stood on the outside of the building that he and even the Nazis evidently thought was escape-proof. The stranger bent and pulled the opened section of the wall back into place. Now it presented itself once more as a thick and formidable part of the German prison building.

The stranger grasped Dick's arm firmly. "Be very quiet, m'sieu, and follow me. Leaving here is not as difficult as you would imagine. A strange or unusual sound is the only thing that might arouse these Nazi pigs. Now, come with me!"

The stranger started along the wall of the building. And as he passed the window of what had been Dick's prison a few moments before, he tossed into the room a ball of paper that he had crumpled in his hand. The gesture was a curious one, full of meaning, and Dick meant to question the man about it—at the opportune time, of course.

They reached the end of the building, turned and proceeded through what must have been an enclosure for livestock. Despite the absence of chickens, geese and animals, the place still reeked of a barnyard odor. The revealing light of the moon did not remotely reach here and they moved across the enclosure with swift, certain steps. To the left, about thirty yards away, Dick spotted two more German soldiers. But his guide seemed disdainful and even unmind-

ful of their presence. He opened a door in an adjacent building and they entered.

Now they were in utter blackness. Presently Dick heard a metallic noise and then a slight creaking sound, as though a door, infrequently used, had been opened. The man beside him whispered: "There are steps leading down through this trapdoor. Be very careful, m'sieu, some are covered with moss and are quite slippery. At the bottom you will find a small boat—"

"A boat—here?" Dick was puzzled. "I didn't see any water nearby."

The other laughed lightly. "Nevertheless you will find a boat down there. Also an underground stream that connects with the Reine River, about two hundred yards from here. This water was at one time a part of the town's sewerage system—but today we French have found a much better use for it. When you enter the boat, untie the rope and you will drift along with the current."

"What happens when I reach the end of the line?"

"Other Frenchmen will be waiting. They will disguise you as a native. I can assure you they do a perfect job—they have assisted many other American and English fliers and soldiers to escape this same way. So do not worry—and God's speed!"

Dick took a step down and they turned. "One thing before I leave—what was that paper you threw into my cell as we passed the prison?"

The stranger chuckled. "It was just a short note to the Nazi Fuehrer. I always leave them in the vacated cells. I simply write: *Adolf, you're slipping!*"

In the darkness Dick shook the Frenchman's hand warmly. "Many thanks for all you've done. It hasn't been the first note to Adolf and I'm certain it won't be the last."

"No, m'sieu, it will not be the last!"

Dick turned and went down the steps.

The End



Boys-Girls! Solve This Puzzle

It's Fun -- Try It!

In this picture are several fairyland characters. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters below and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the storybook folks. For example, the letters, "RPTEE APN," No. 2, when placed in the right order, spell "PETER PAN." You will find him in the picture with his pipes, playing a jolly tune.

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTEE APN
3. YHTUPM YDTUMP
4. EDR GNIIDR OOHQ
5. CAKJ NAD ILL

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

Send me the name of each character in this happy fairyland family and become a member of the Junior Sales Club. I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank FREE.

This bank contains tasty chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank, you can pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil waiting for you.



When You Solve Puzzle

Write the names of the fairyland folks on a penny postcard or a sheet of paper, then sign your name and address and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the names of these characters and joins my Junior Sales Club, will have an opportunity to get this bank FREE. Send your answer to

Billy Wade, Junior Sales Club 207, Topeka, Kan.

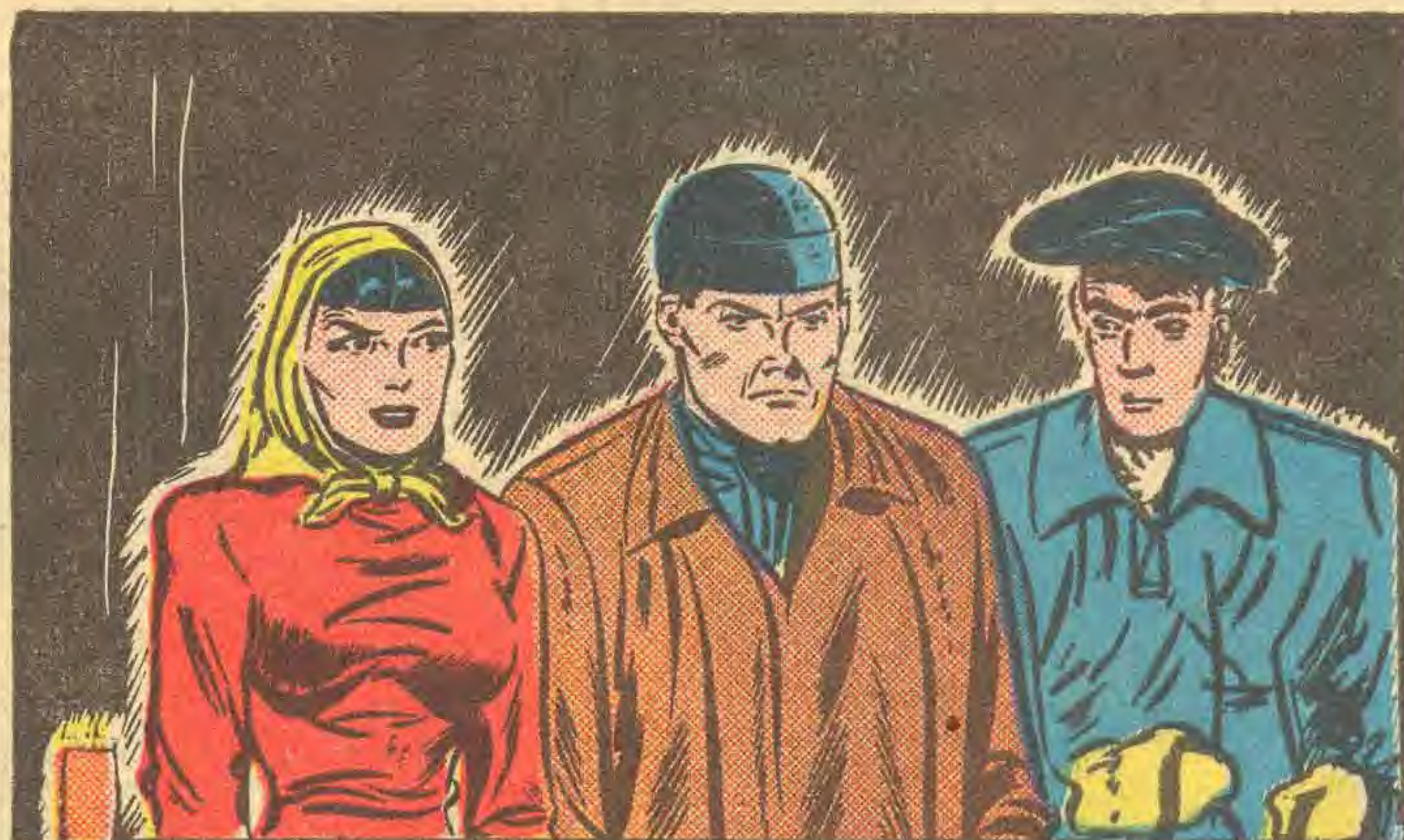
W JORDAN

By PAINE and WEXLER

AN RAF UNIFORM AND PLANE, A PHONY AIR BATTLE AND A SELF-INFLICTED WOUND PROVIDE A NAZI SPY WITH ENTREE TO THE UNDERGROUND CHATEAU..



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



ZIS WAY
TO ZE
HOSPITAL.

MY
WORD!

JORDAN MAKES
ME UNEASY...
SURELY HE ISN'T
SUSPICIOUS...
JEALOUS
PERHAPS!

THE
SECRET
PANEL

I HAD TO SHOOT MYSELF TO GET
HERE, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!.. WHAT
VON SCHROEDER WOULDN'T GIVE
TO BE IN MY BOOTS!.. BUT MY
JOB'S ONLY BEGUN.. BERLIN WANTS
THE NAMES OF ALL MEMBERS OF
THE UNDERGROUND-- AND I STILL
HAVE TO LEARN HOW THEY GET
BRITISH FLIERS OUT OF FRANCE!

FAR BE IT FROM
ME TO BARGE IN ON
A NEW ROMANCE BUT--
SAY, WHAT'S THIS ???

LOOKS LIKE A POWDER
BURN.. IF SO, THE BULLET
MUST HAVE BEEN FIRED AT
CLOSE RANGE!.. IMPOSSIBLE--
UNLESS THE NAZI PILOT
PARKED HIS DROP IN
PAL GODFREY'S LAP!..

BEFORE YOU
GO, VIC, HANG
UP GODFREY'S
THEENGs

SURE, ADRIENNE, AND
I'LL WAVE A PALM LEAF
OVER HIS FEVERED
DOME-- WHILE YOU
COUNT HEART-BEATS!



IF YOUR
INTERESTED,
OLD CHAP, THE
JACKET WAS
CUT IN BOND
STREET.

HUH?.. OH.. GUESS
I'M IN A FOG!

I'D BETTER HANG
IT UP BEFORE
EAGLE-EYE
GODFREY CATCHES
WISE!

SOME SCENARIO! BOY MEETS
BULLET. BOY MEETS GIRL BOY
MEETS ME. AND I MEET A POWDER
BURN! BUT IS IT A POWDER BURN?
PLOT HITS SNAG-- PERHAPS
PROFESSOR CAN COOK UP
A HAPPY ENDING!

A POWDER BURN SUGGESTS
ONLY ONE THING, VIC-- THAT
LIEUTENANT HAWKS
SHOT HIMSELF!

MY
IDEA
TOO BUT
HE SAYS A
MESSERSCHMITT
WINGED HIM.



PEOPLE WHO
ATTEMPT SUICIDE--
OFTEN LIE
ABOUT IT.

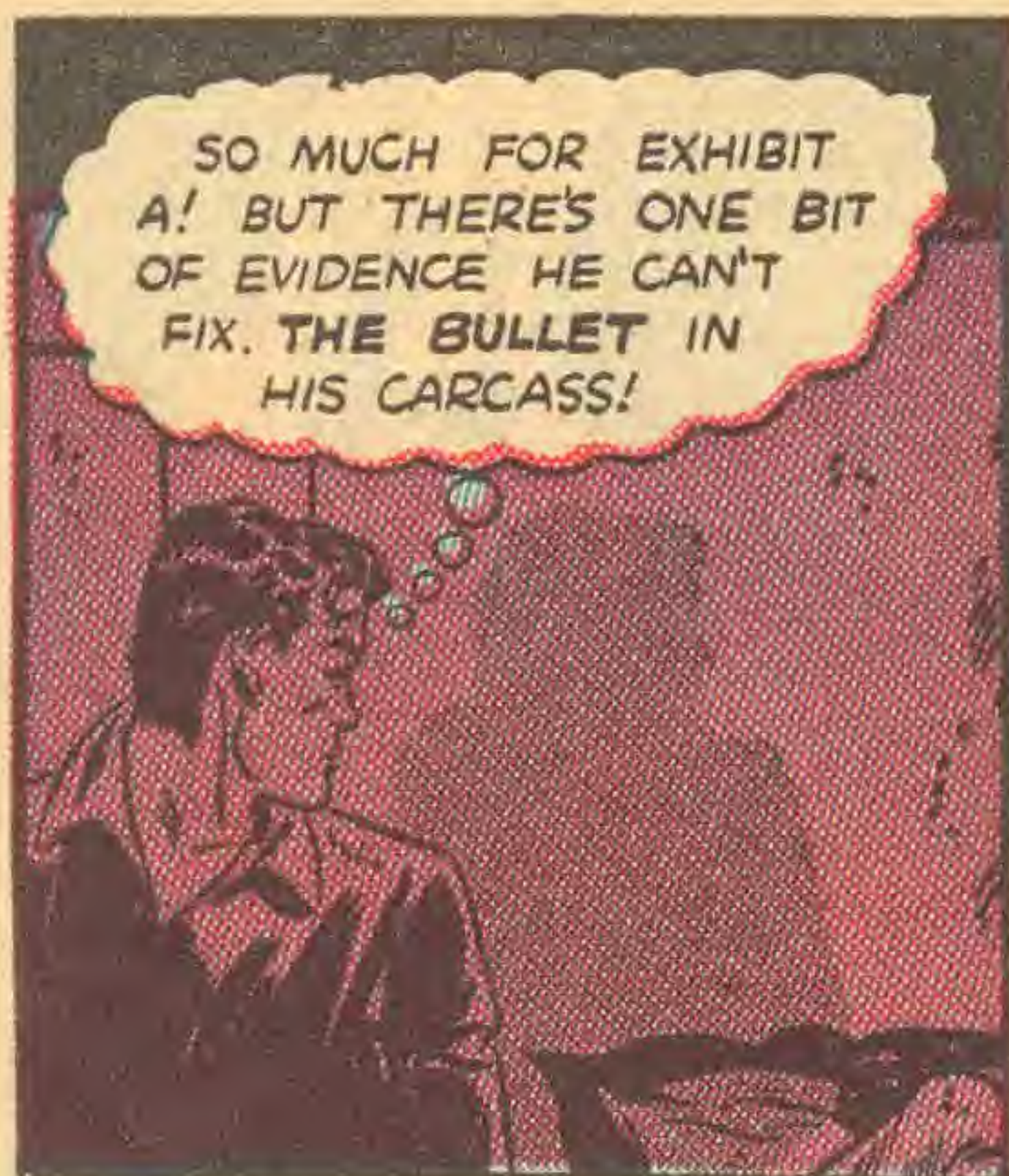
YES, PROFESSOR--
BUT THEY DON'T
USE PARACHUTES!

YOU ARE
RIGHT-- BUT
HIS MOTIVE?

WE'LL PUT THE BEE
ON HIM WHEN WE'VE
MADE SURE OF THE
POWDER BURN. FIRST,
I'VE GOT TO SWIPE
HIS JACKET-- THEN
YOU CAN GO TO
TOWN WITH A
MICROSCOPE!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



The FACE

by MART BAILEY



A LONE IN ENEMY TERRITORY! TONY TRENT ACCEPTED THAT FATE WHEN HE COVERED THE ESCAPE OF AN AMERICAN BOMBER CREW THAT HAD BEEN SHOT DOWN DURING A RAID OVER JAPAN.... NOW HE SCHEMES TO BEDEVIL THE ENEMY AS *THE FACE*!

IN A LITTLE JAPANESE VILLAGE, THE CHIEF OF POLICE LISTENS TO A STRANGE TALE....

THE THIEF WAS A **DEMON**!
I SAW HIM WHEN HE ESCAPED
WITH MY SUPPER AND MY
CLOTHES.... AS HE FLEW
OUT THE WINDOW —



"—HE THREW ME—THESE!"



WITHIN EARSHOT, IN FACT UPON THE TILED ROOF OF THE POLICE STATION, SITS THE 'DEMON' WITH HIS LOOT....

PAYING FOR THIS MAKES
ME THE ONLY HONEST
MAN IN JAPAN.



BIG SHOT

BUT I'D BETTER GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE I RUN OUT OF SOAP COUPONS!

BEFORE I LEAVE, HOWEVER, I MUST MESS UP THE MIKADO'S WAR MACHINE AS MUCH AS I CAN....

HEREAFTER INEXPLICABLE DISASTERS BEFALL THE EMPEROR'S FACTORIES AND TROOP TRAINS...



... AND WORD FLAMES THROUGH JAPAN THAT A TERRIBLE DEMON HAS BEEN LOOSED UPON THE EARTH....

MEANTIME, HIDING BY DAY AND TRAVELLING BY NIGHT, TONY TRENT, WAR CORRESPONDENT AND NON-COMBATANT, BEATS HIS WAY TO THE COAST....

SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE THERE OUGHT TO BE A BOAT THAT I CAN "BORROW"!



HELLO!—WHAT'S UP?



SUBMARINE!



AS TONY WATCHES, THE SUBMARINE LAUNCHES SEVERAL RUBBER RAFTS... AND A SHADOWY FORM MOVES SILENTLY BEHIND HIM....



DE!

OH-OH!



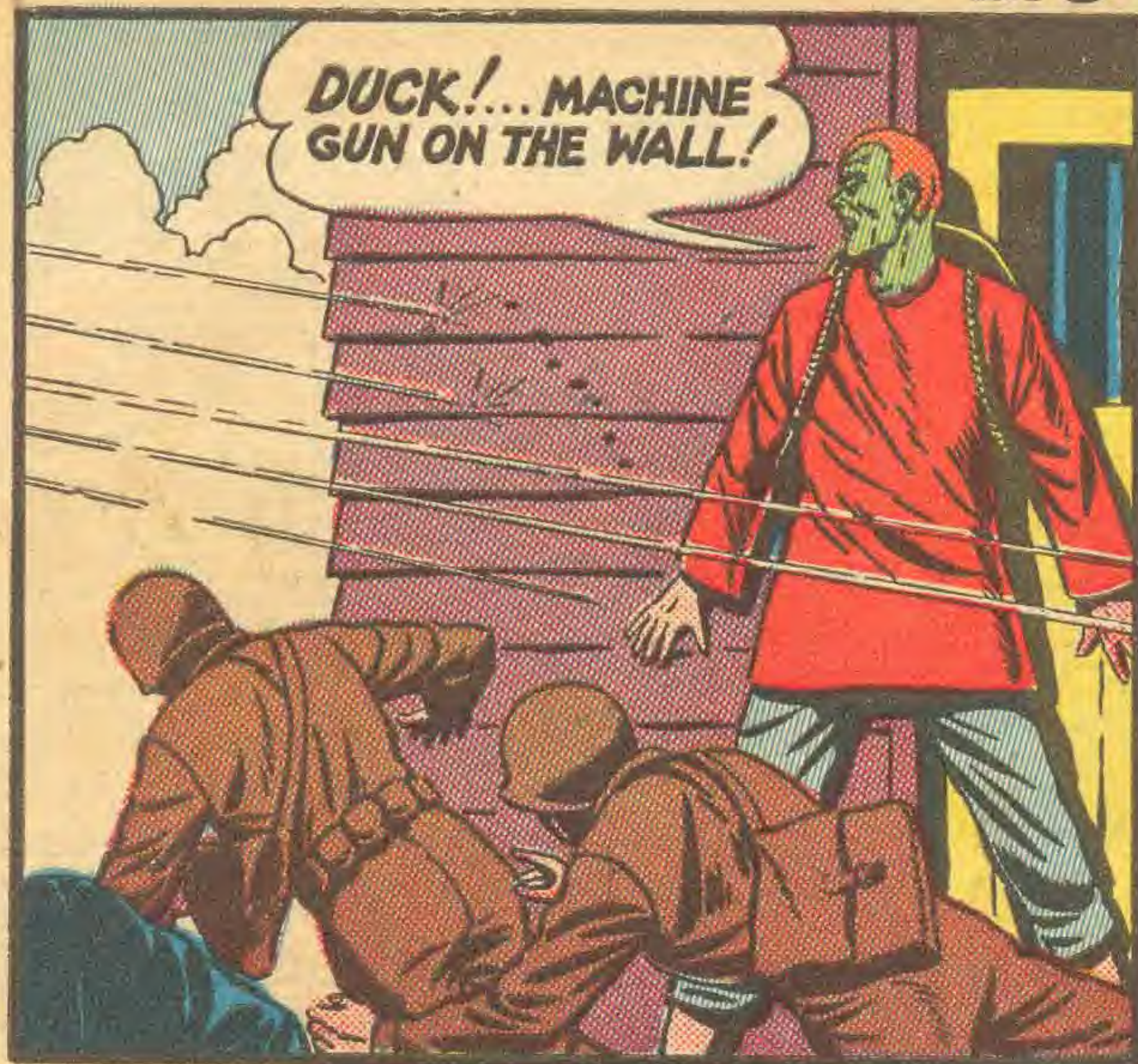
BIG SHOT



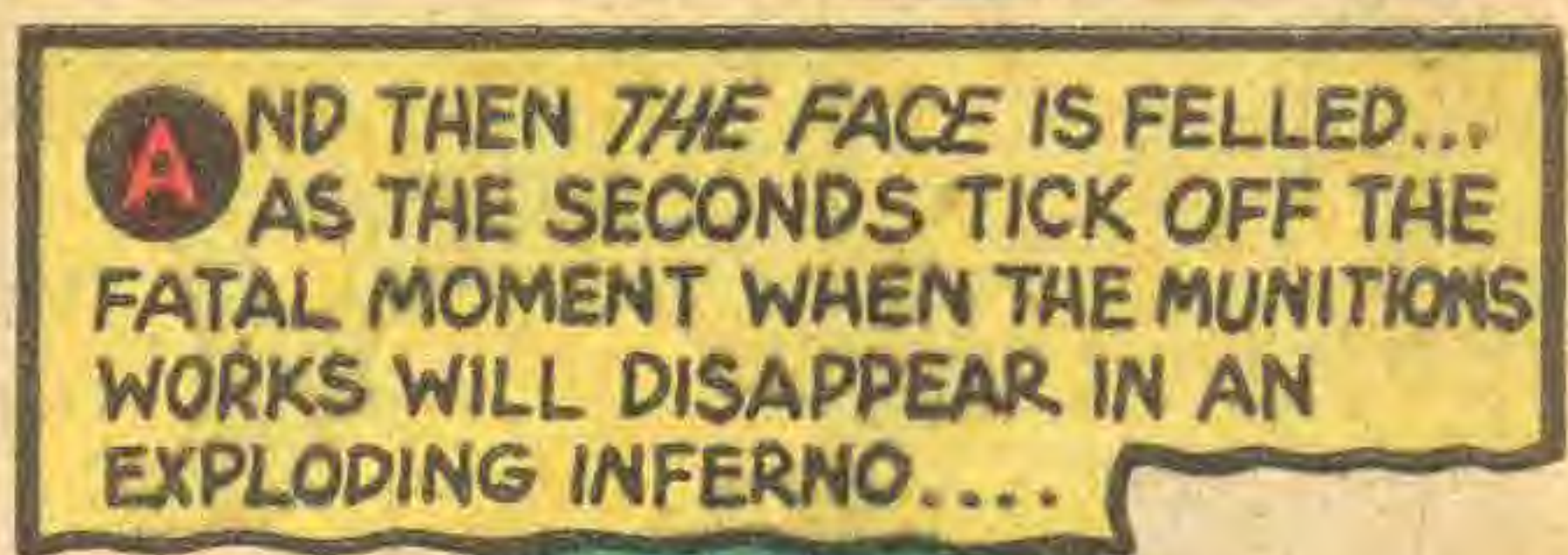
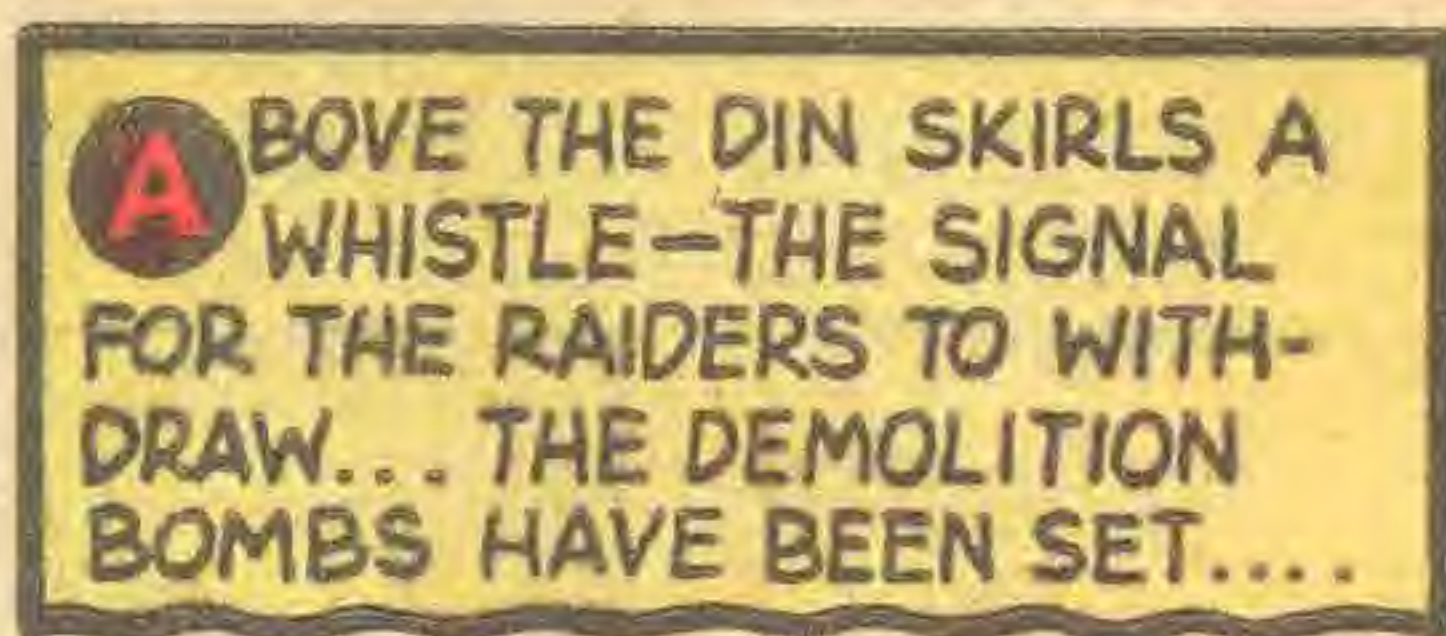
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



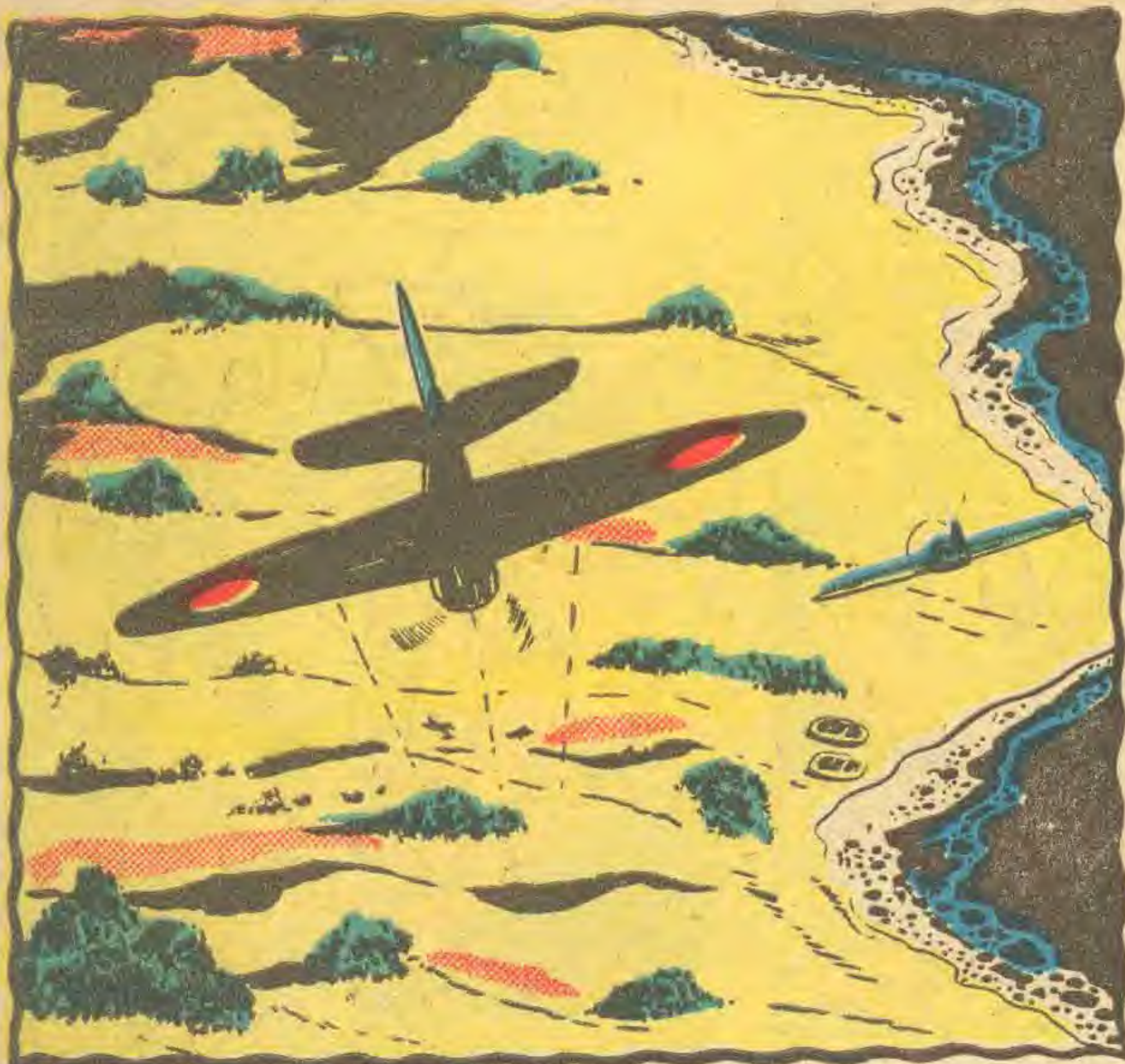
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR SUB — JAP
DESTROYERS DEPTH-
BOMBING FOR IT!



WE HIT ONE!
—AND THE
OTHERS ARE
SCRAMMING
—PROBABLY
OUT OF
AMMUNITION.

THE DESTROYERS
HAVE PULLED
AWAY TOO!



WE'RE STILL IN
A STEW —
STRANDED HERE.

NO — THERE'S
THE SUB
SURFACING!



HEY! WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

FOR TONY TRENT!
THE FACE CAN'T GO
BACK WITH YOU — BUT
YOU'LL BE DOING ME
A SPECIAL FAVOR IF
YOU SEE THAT TRENT
GETS HOME SAFELY.



THEY'LL NEVER KNOW
HOW BIG A FAVOR
THEY'LL BE DOING
FOR THE FACE!



HELLO, TRENT!
GLAD TO HAVE
YOU ABOARD.
WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN?

IT'S A LONG, LONG
STORY, CAPTAIN
—AND YOU'D NEVER
BELIEVE IT!

NEXT ISSUE ... OLD FRIENDS MEET....

Here's the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America

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My Full Name.....
(Please print clearly)

Address

City State.....

Social Security Number Army Draft Number.....

☐ Please ship the above C.O.D. for \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and C.O.D. charges.



FREE 150 POWER MICROSCOPE

with this offer

**COMPLETE
READY
TO USE**



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DRAGON FLY'S
EYE



PART
OF A
LEAF

DROP
OF WATER
MAGNIFIED

PACKED WITH 1,000 PICTURES

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